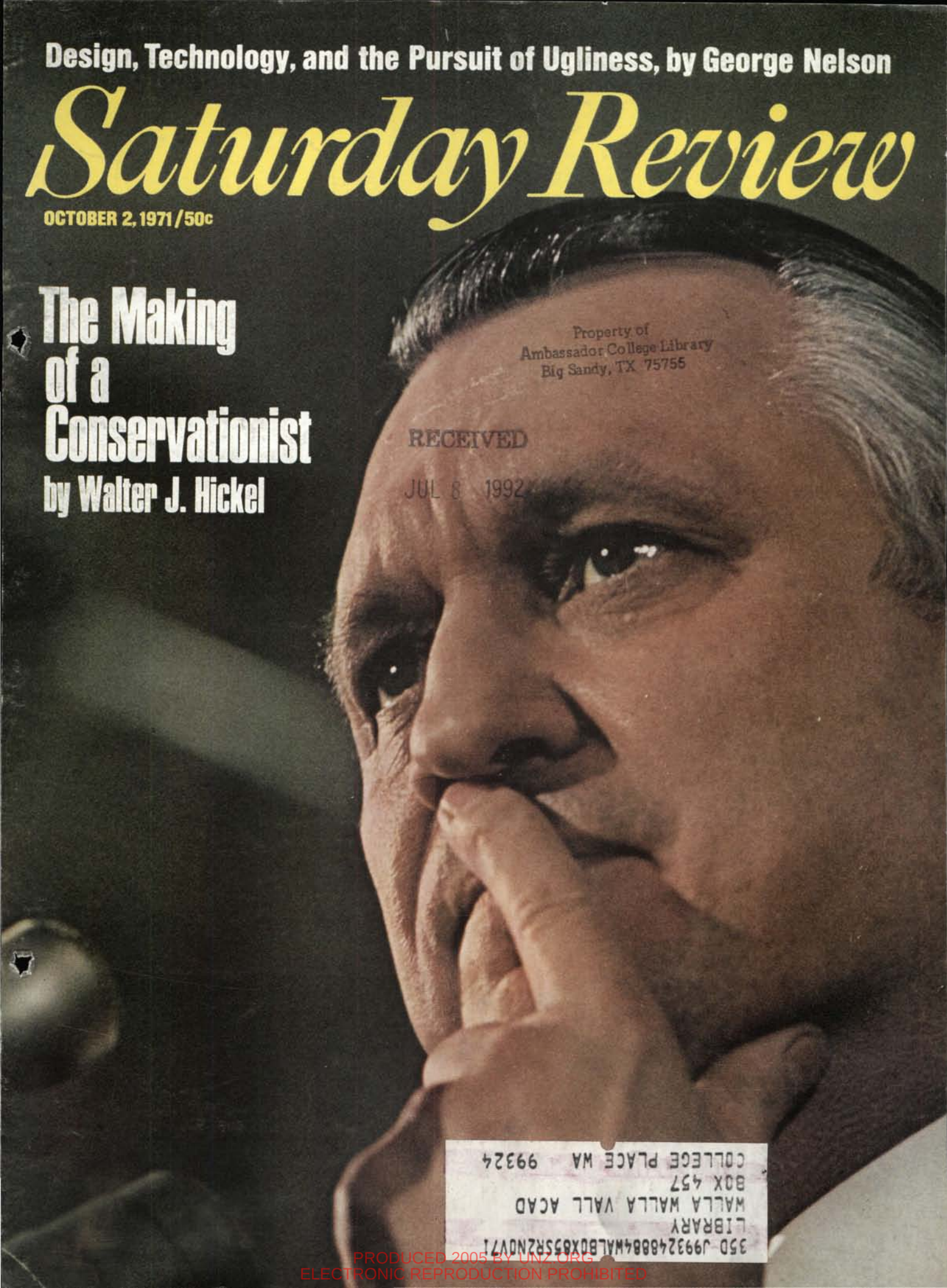
Design, Technology, and the Pursuit of Ugliness, by George Nelson

Saturday Review

OCTOBER 2, 1971 / 50c

The Making of a Conservationist

by Walter J. Hickel



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A tribute to Grand Marnier from three of the greatest restaurants of the world.

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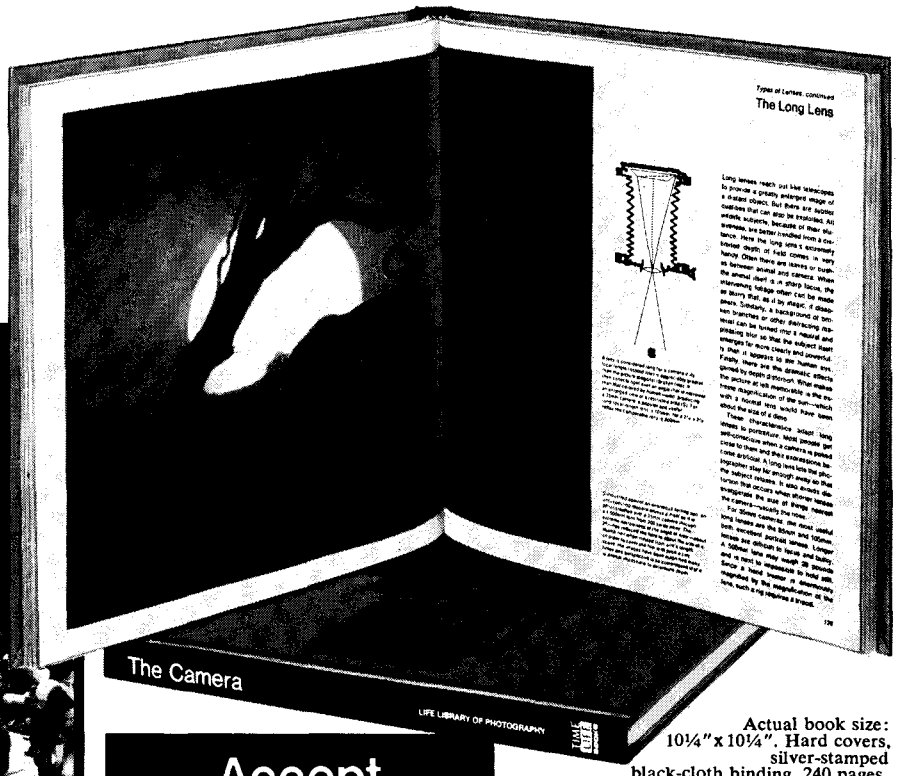
Let LIFE's masters of photography help you see the great picture possibilities all around you



Actual book size: 10¼"x10¼". Hard covers, silver-stamped black-cloth binding. 240 pages. 320 illustrations, 212 in full color.

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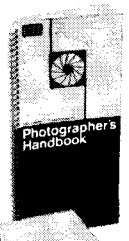

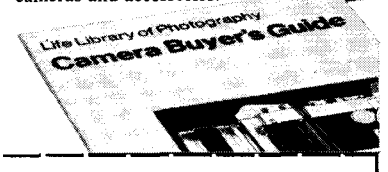

TIME LIFE BOOKS

So many of the world's great photographs—the ones that hang in museums and galleries, that win prizes, that are sold for large sums of money—are of subjects you see or pass by every day. A pensive young girl peering shyly through a window. A crowded downtown street with hundreds of activities going on at once. An abandoned automobile, stripped clean.

But how do you develop your eye to the point where you can see pictures in the world around you? And how do you use your camera and accessories to get exactly the effect you're after?

The LIFE Library of Photography has been created to help you. Here, in this magnificently illustrated self-study course, you'll receive step-by-step guidance on shooting all kinds of subjects—studio shots, portraits, sports, children, nature, still lifes. You'll learn how to plan each picture... how to compose it...how to make it "speak" to the viewer. Famous LIFE photographers such as John Dominis, Carl Mydans and Alfred Eisenstaedt will offer you their personal tips and trade secrets.

You'll learn about all the possibilities open to you in the darkroom, too—from the basics of developing, printing, dodging and burning-in to special effects such as solarization, bas relief and combination printing.

And by examining a magnificent gallery of some of the greatest photographs of all time—and seeing why they succeeded so brilliantly—you'll be encouraged to develop your own sense of what makes an unforgettable picture. Whether you're a working photographer, an advanced amateur or a beginner, the LIFE Library of Photography can't help but bring you closer and closer to the kinds of photographs you've always dreamed of creating.

Accept Volume I on 10-day free trial

Just as a picture is worth a thousand words, you must see the LIFE Library of Photography yourself—try some of its suggestions—to appreciate what it can mean to your picture-taking. That's why we invite you to send for Volume I for a 10-day free trial without obligation. Just mail the coupon.

TIME-LIFE BOOKS, DEPT. 1218
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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

Please send me Volume I, *The Camera*, of the LIFE Library of Photography on a Free-Examination basis, together with the illustrated Photographer's Handbook and Camera Buyer's Guide. After ten days I may return the books without further obligation. If I keep them I will be billed only $7.95 (plus shipping and handling). I will then receive other books in the library as they are issued: one every other month. Each comes on a 10-day Free Trial basis and is priced at $7.95. I may cancel this arrangement at any time simply by notifying you; thereafter no further books will be sent.

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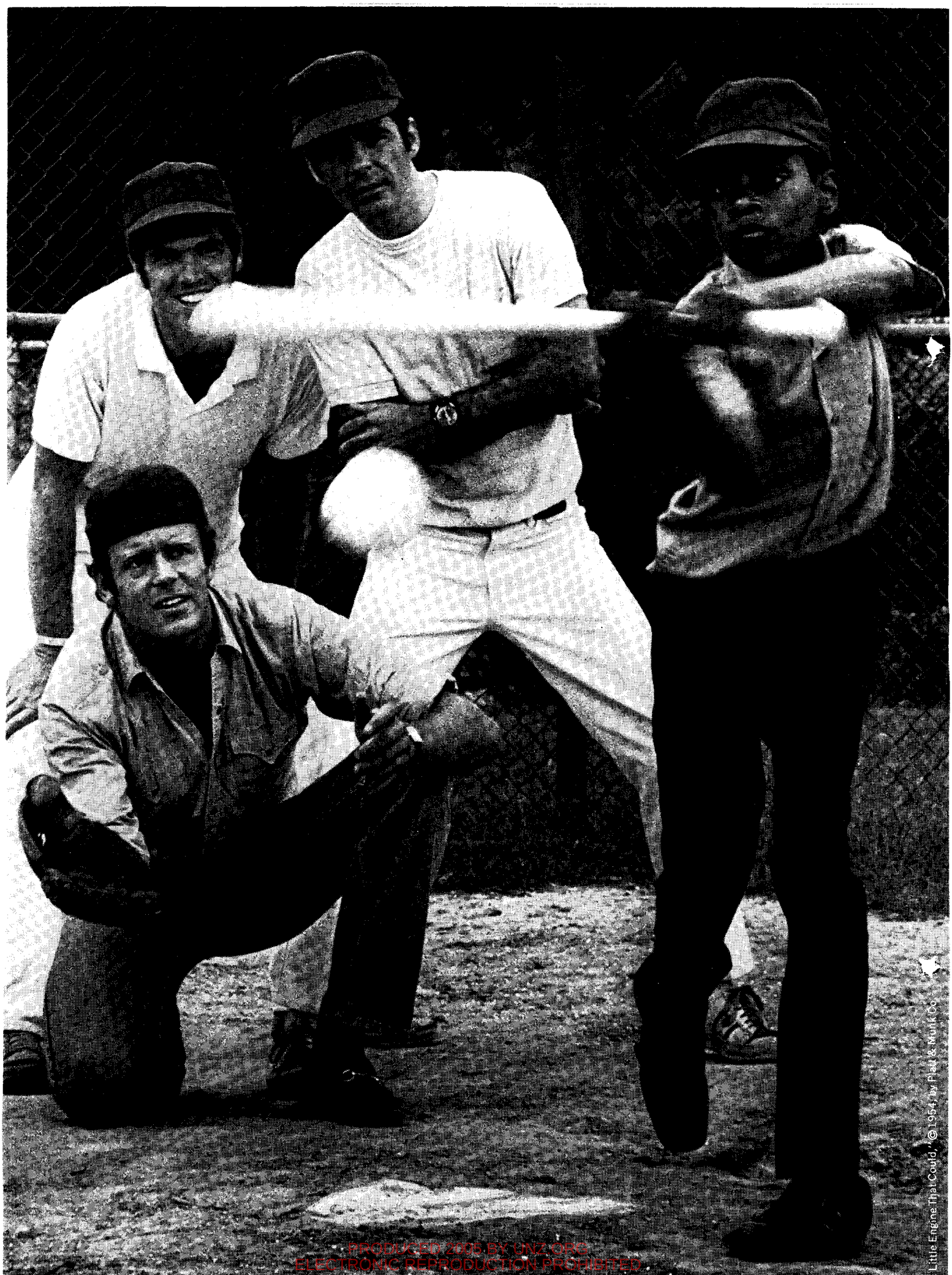

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© Little Engine That Could, © 1954 by Platt & Munk Co.

Some telephone people have built a softball that blind children can hit.

This is the 60th anniversary of Telephone Pioneers of America. And most of their 350,000 members plan to celebrate in the usual way.

In Colorado Springs, they'll make another 10 electronically outfitted "beeping" softballs that give blind kids the thrill of hitting a ball they can only hear. Nationwide, the Pioneers will make 300 of the special softballs.

In Jacksonville, Florida, they'll tape-record 250 tapes for the blind. Everything from "The Little Engine That Could" to Encyclopaedia Britannica. Nationwide, the Pioneers will record 3000 tapes.

In Tacoma, Washington, they'll transcribe 2500 pages of reading material into braille. Nationwide, to date, the Pioneers have done over 400,000 pages.

In Washington, D.C., they'll repair another 700 "Talking Book" phonographs. Nationwide, they have already repaired 150,000 of the machines.

And elsewhere in the country, other Pioneers will pursue some 700 other kinds of volunteer projects.

They'll work with the sick, the disadvantaged, the lonely, the retarded, the handicapped and almost anyone who needs help.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company and your local Bell Company are proud of all our people who volunteer to make life bigger, better and more meaningful for somebody else.

And of the Telephone Pioneers who lead the way.

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October 2, 1971

Saturday Review

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by Walter J. Hickel

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WINE GETS BETTER THE OLDER IT GETS. RIGHT OR WRONG?

Probably the most misunderstood thing about wine today is the vintage (the date on the bottle).

People think if they get a real old date, they'll have a real good wine. It's true in some cases, and not true in others. The trick is in finding out which case is which.

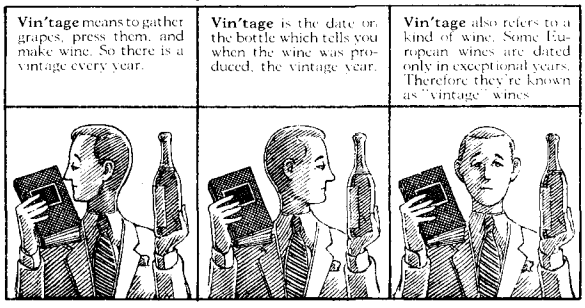
If you read what the wine experts have to say, you'll find that no two vintage charts agree. If you read all the wine advertising, you'll find everybody's trying to sell their wine regardless of the year in which it was produced.

Nobody has really taken the time or the effort to explain the significance of vintage to the public. We at Inglenook Vineyards are doing it because it's in our best interest for you to know as much about fine wine as possible.

After all, that's what we have to sell.

VINTAGE EXPLAINED.

Strongly contributing to the confusion about vintage is the word "vintage" itself. It has three different meanings:


Vin'tage means to gather grapes, press them, and make wine. So there is a vintage every year.
Vin'tage is the date on the bottle which tells you when the wine was produced, the vintage year.
Vin'tage also refers to a kind of wine. Some European wines are dated only in exceptional years. Therefore they're known as "vintage" wines.

The second definition is the one people usually mean when they refer to vintage. So let's talk about that.

In order for a vineyard to put a vintage date on a bottle, they have to prove that every single grape used in the making of that wine was produced during the year specified.

In Europe, the vintage date has come to be an index of the quality of the wine, since their weather is relatively sporadic from year to year.

And the sugar content of the grapes is largely dependent upon the amount of rainfall and sunshine they get.

In California, and especially the Napa Valley, the weather is amazingly constant from year to year. So vintage here has come to mean something entirely different than it does in Europe.

A date on a bottle of California wine is an indication of youth or maturity.

WINES ARE LIKE WOMEN.

Some wines are in their prime when young. They're lively, raucous, fresh, and a little risqué. Others are best enjoyed in their mature years. They're warm, sensitive, full-bodied, and mellowed by the years. What follows now is a chart to tell you, in our opinion, which is which. There's no easy way to remember it, so tear it out and save it.

Each has something to offer. It's the same with wine.

It may seem like a lot of trouble to carry this chart around with you to the store, or try to sneak a peek at it in a restaurant without the waiter seeing you. But we assure you the results will be worthwhile.

WINES BEST WHEN THEY'RE YOUNG			
Reds	**Age**	**Whites**	**Age**
Zinfandel	2–4 years	Johannisberg Riesling	2–4 years
Gamay Beaujolais	2–4 years	Chenin Blanc	2–4 years
		Chablis	2–4 years
WINES BEST WHEN THEY'RE MATURE			
Reds	**Age**	**Whites**	**Age**
Charbono	3–15 years	Pinot Chardonnay	2–6 years
Cabernet Sauvignon	5–20 years	Dry Semillon	2–6 years
Pinot Noir	5–15 years	White Pinot	2–6 years

Also, if you have trouble finding the right year for the right wine, keep at it. Fine wines are like antiques. They're available, but you may have to look around a bit to find them.

19??

Before we finish, you should know that most American wines are not vintaged.

Because, as we said before, in order to date a bottle of wine, a vintner must be able to prove that all the grapes he used to make that wine were grown in the same year.

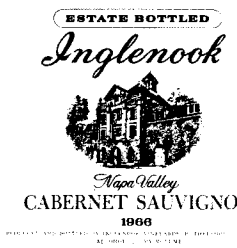
This is a costly process, but we think it makes for a better wine. Because the winemaster has more control over the finished product when all the grapes are exactly the same. Most vineyards produce some vintage wine.

At Inglenook, that's about all we make.

Which is just one of the reasons why Inglenook is the most expensive wine made in America.

So if you want to get any use out of the above chart, buy Inglenook.

And you'll learn something from every bottle.



INGLENOOK

We make the most expensive wine in America.

This ad is one of a series. If you'd like copies of the other ads, send your name and address to The Winemaster, Inglenook Vineyards, Rutherford, California 94573.

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Nouveau Riche

IN A FEW DAYS I will become rich beyond compare. It is not an inheritance or a windfall. It is not a bounty from heaven—repeat, *not* a bounty from heaven, not a blessing for all my goodnesses in dealings with my fellow man. I did it all myself.

What I did was, one day last July I took all my cash, stocks and bonds, and several rolls of unused six-cent postage stamps and made a bet that Nguyen Van Thieu would win the October 3 election for President of South Vietnam.

You may think me headstrong, counting my chickens months before they cross the road to get on the other side of a busy street in Saigon. But I am so confident Mr. Thieu will win that if I had any more money, I would bet that the South Vietnam TV networks will break all records by projecting him the winner within seconds after the first two ballots are counted.

Fortunately, I found a bookie who hasn't read a newspaper in years, other than the *Daily Racing Form*. He asked me who else was running.

"Well, the names that have been mentioned are Nguyen Cao Ky and General Duong Van Minh, the Buddhist candidate."

"Whoever," he said. "You pick 'em, you've got a bet."

I picked Thieu. What that bookie doesn't know won't hurt me. A sure bet. My wealth will be untold. Except, of course, to the Internal Revenue Service. I will be happy to share my wealth with my country. Aren't you happy to live in a country where we have more candidates than you can shake a fist at?

It is easy to understand how this paucity of candidates in South Vietnam came about. Eager to become the true democratic form of government we have been preaching and fighting their war for, the election board in South Vietnam got hold of the phrase "One man, one vote." So they put up one man and decreed that each citizen has the right to cast one vote for that one man.

The board also recalled our 1968 election campaign when the slogan was "Nixon's the One." So it was only natural the slogan for their man would be "Thieu's the One." The one and only, I might add. Those South Vietnamese catch on to democracy real fast.

However, our President was uptight about this business of their having only one candidate to choose among. And possibly a little envious. (Ha, ha, ha, just a little touch of humor, Mr. President, sir.) He would have preferred to have Ky and Minh on the ballot, or any others, just so long as Thieu won.

When our President ordered our Ambassador to Saigon to insist Ky and Minh stay on the ballot, I got a little worried. The President may have struck a blow for democracy, but he could have caused me to blow my sure bet.

However, our Ambassador failed to convince Ky and Minh, and we were back to a one-man race. You can't fault our President for that. He really tried. You see how difficult it is for a President to run two countries at once?

Then suddenly Ky started going around saying mean and nasty things about the American press. Very unbecoming. Aren't you happy you live in a country where a Vice President doesn't go around doing unseemly things like that? (Ha, ha, ha, just a touch of humor, Mr. Vice President, sir.)

But when Ky started shooting from the lip that a vote for Thieu was a vote for coup, I began to worry again. A coup at the Presidential palace would destroy the coup I expected to make with my bet that Thieu would be the next President. But when Ky explained he had only said that at an informal press conference and the press had no business reporting that he said it, I got the happy feeling that pretty soon the press would not have Ky to kick around any more.

So now even if Ky or anyone else runs, from here on it's clear sailing for my bet. Or, clear yachting. All hail to President Nguyen Van Thieu. In appreciation of my newly acquired wealth I may even learn to pronounce his first name. I only hope and pray that despite this bonanza I will remain the ordinary and common fellow I am, with compassion and charity for my poor slob friends. And for George Wallace.

Just a few short days till I collect my election bet. And a few long nights. I do confess to some sleepless nights. But that's only because since our President declared a surcharge on imports, I've stopped buying from my Japanese sandman.

Dilettantes need not apply.

Frankly, environmental "dabblers" won't find much to read in our publication.

We're 'way past the "oh, isn't it awful" stage of discussion about the environment. And we won't waste our space—or your time—with vague generalities or emotional platitudes.

52 weeks a year, Environment Action Bulletin offers a battle plan for activists. It tells you who's fouling up your community. (Yes, it names names.) It reports on who's fighting the polluters. (In case you want to join them.) And it shows you—really shows you!—how you can do something.

In recent issues, our 8-page newsletter has told subscribers:

How to be sure your Congressman reads your letter... How to set up a recycling center... Which products to avoid buying... Six ways to fight pollution in the courts... How to get a low-pollution section in your local market.

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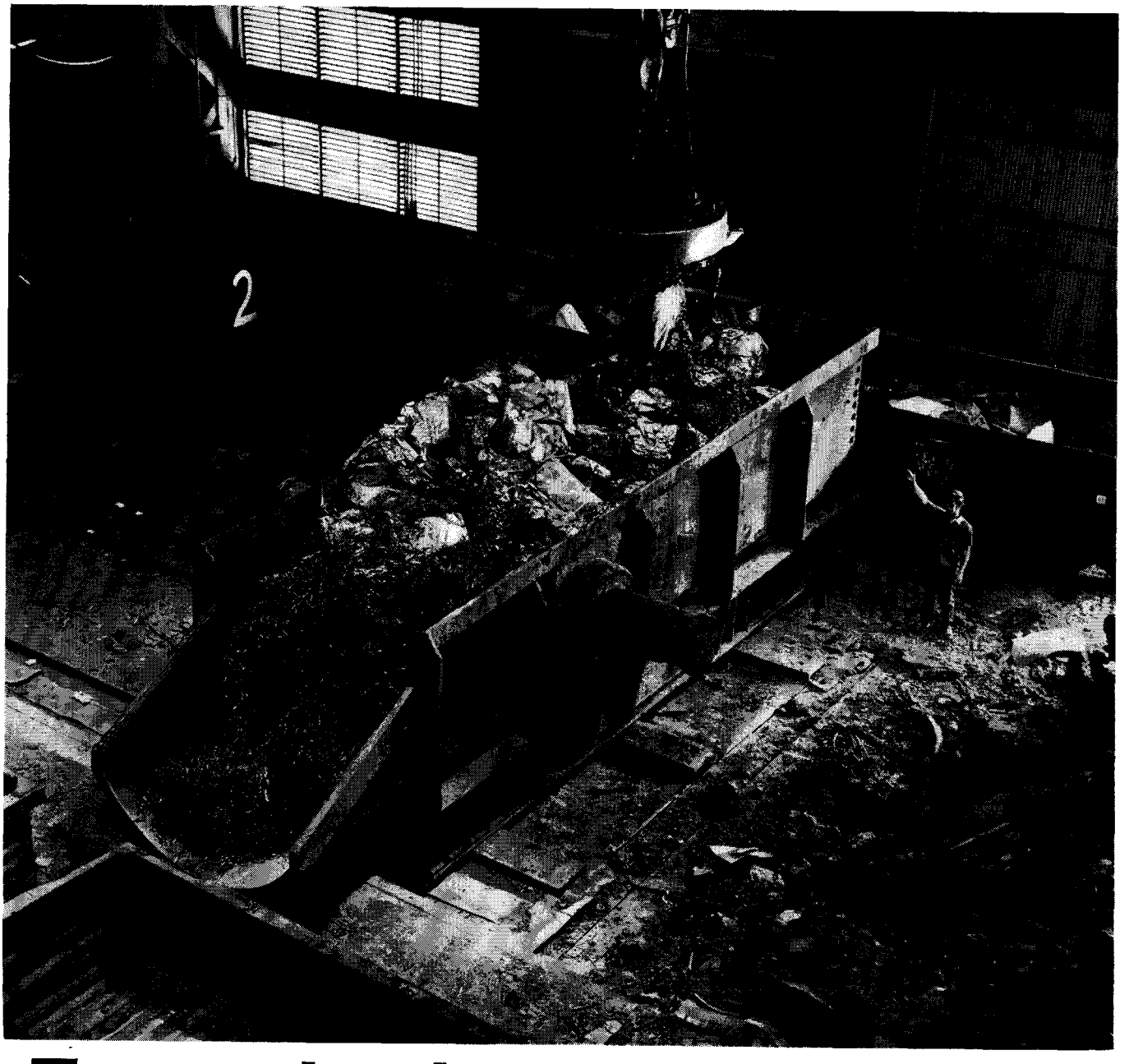

Every day is Recycling Day in a steel mill.

Recycling is "old hat" to the steel industry. For the past 30 years, more than half the raw material used to make new steel has been old steel. Today's cans and cars and carpet tacks and thousands of other products are made from steel recycled from yesterday's cars and carpet tacks and thousands of other products—29,000,000 tons' worth last year alone.

What's new is the steel industry's program to help collect used cans—all kinds of cans—and to recycle all the steel cans it can get.

Steel

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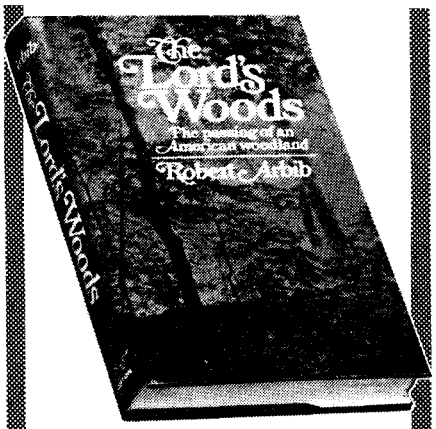

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Norton
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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Parent-Teachers Free Association Note—courtesy of Mrs. Peggy Bainbridge of El Paso, Texas:

What the Parent *Hears:*	What the Teacher *Means:*
George's social adjustment has not been quite what we hoped.	The kids all hate George.
Debbie is overly interested in the work of other children.	Debbie copies every chance she gets.
Bruce doesn't always respect the property of others in the class.	Bruce steals like crazy.
Jane is exceptionally mature socially.	Jane is the only girl in fifth grade with pierced ears, eye shadow, and dates.

Advertisement of the Week—from J. Ralph Randolph, dean of Southwest Texas State University, who found it in the Austin *American*:

TOPLESS DANCERS
Must have two years college. Prefer English major, languages or humanities.

We get it—liberal arts. On the trade press scene, Ann Fitzgerald of Morro Bay, California, found this one in the Morro Bay *Sun*:

Griff Boyce is now in charge of the Sun's priting department.

Or, at least, was. Elsewhere, J. F. Miller of Nova Scotia found our Real Estate News of the Week in the Halifax *Mail-Star*:

HAPPINESS GIFT WRAPPED
The swelling, pregnant waters surge against the rugged breakwater spilling and regurating their spray against the impregnable rocks while their eerie yet soothing music reaches you in a living-room of this well-kept cottage.

Regurating just to read. And, as far as other reading goes, we give you the contribution of Jean Maguire of Portland, Oregon—an advertisement for "Masterplots."

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If ignorance is bliss, we suppose, there's no reason a folly shouldn't be a filly.

For the subject of Miss America—obviously the most earth-shaking single, or for that matter married, issue that faces our country today—we decided it was necessary to interview not just one author but two: one pro and one con.

The pro turned out to be a six-foot-five-incher named Frank Deford. His book is *There She Is* (Viking). Born in Baltimore, a Princeton man, and a senior writer for *Sports Illustrated*, he claims marriage to a girl prettier than Miss America. He had written a previous book, on the Roller Derby, entitled *Five Strides on the Banked Track* (Little, Brown), but *There She Is*, he declares, is an effort "to get away from the tag 'sports writer.'"

"I went into it," he told us, "thinking I would find much more than I did in the way of hoaxes and fixes. I would say, first of all, that the contest entertains people. Second, it involves people, and third, it provides something for girls to do which is the equivalent of what male athletes do. In other words, it gives the ambitious girl something to shoot for. As for scholarships, I tend to look at this with a bit of jaundice. The total amount the girls spend on clothes far exceeds the money for scholarships. Then there are the judges. They have their 'sociologist,' who is also their token black. Then, this year, at least, they had as their 'educator' a guy who turned out to be president of the college to which the head of the judges' committee sends his daughter."

If our pro man turned out to be slightly con, our con man conned right down the line. His name is Mort Weisinger, and he is the author of *The Contest* (New American Library and most recently, in paperback, Signet). Mr. Weisinger was born in New York and has been married for twenty-seven years to an ex-Navy nurse who in his dedication he calls "the fairest of them all." The comic strip and TV story editor for *Superman*, he is also the author of *1,001 Valuable Things You Can Get Free* (Bantam), a book which tells you how to get everything from free Bibles to free elks. That's small "e" elks, we emphasize, four-footed and alive.

"What I resent about the whole thing," he said, "is the way it's controlled. They [the sponsors] give every-

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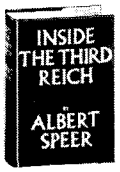

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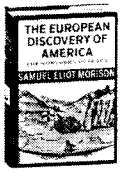

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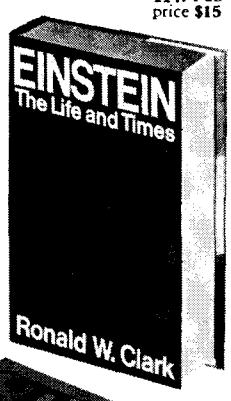

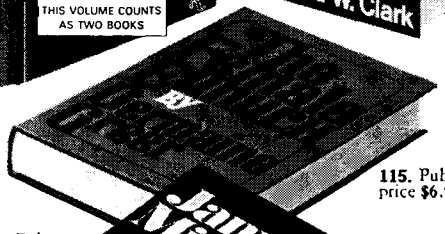

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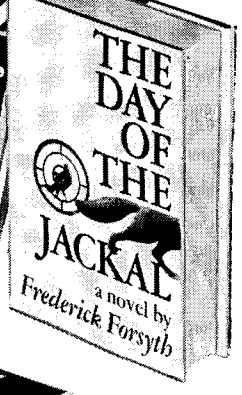

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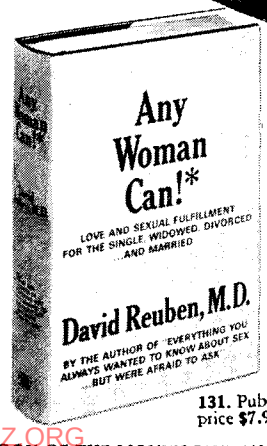
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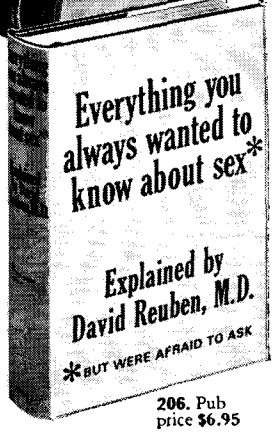

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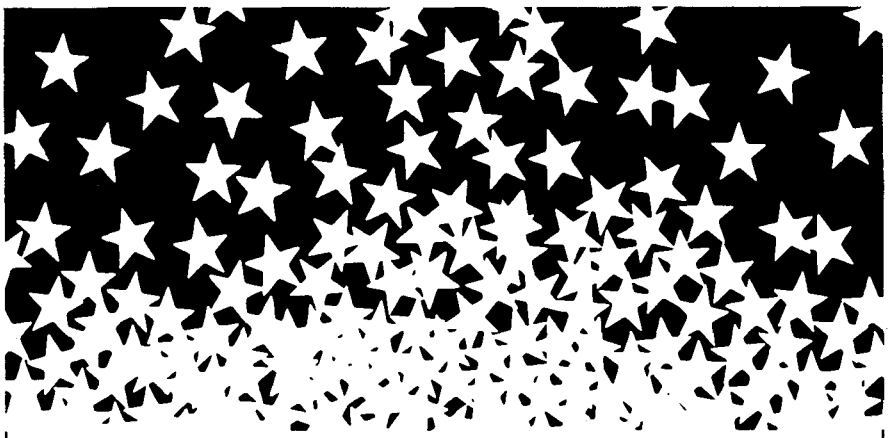

The Museum of Modern Art

Christmas catalogue

An illustrated, full-color, 40-page catalogue presenting new cards and constructions, original graphics and sculpture, design objects, books, reproductions, and a wide selection of distinctive gifts from The Museum of Modern Art is now available. Cards and constructions—20¢ to $2—reproduce classic works by artists in the Museum collection. Others have been specially commissioned from such artists as Jim Dine and Sydney Butchkes. Gifts ranging from $2 to $400 include *Nudes: 1972 Appointment Calendar;* a special edition of *Playplax;* original signed and numbered color lithographs by Robert Indiana and Roy Lichtenstein; *The Ball Puzzle,* Charles Perry's exquisite lucite object; illustrated gift books by Ben Shahn, David Hockney, and Niki de Saint Phalle; and the Ernest Trova *Kaleidoscope*—an unusual version of a classic Christmas toy.

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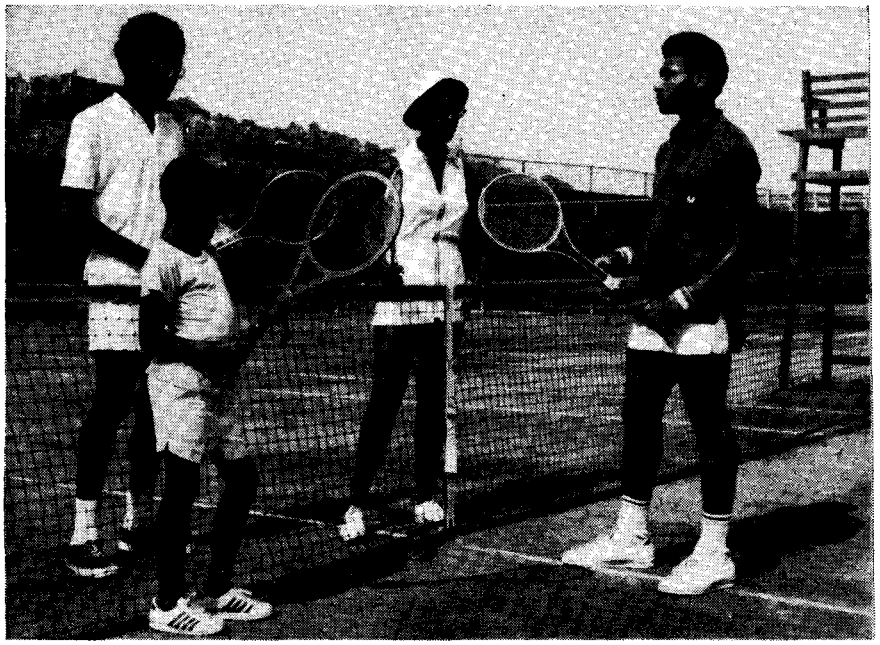

The No. 1 player on the Columbia University tennis team, pre-law student Robert Binns, is teaching tennis to Harlem youngsters. He is part of a *remarkably successful year-round program* started by students, faculty, alumni and friends of Columbia to bring tennis to children in underprivileged communities. Robbie and others like him, helped introduce tennis into the gym programs of Harlem schools. They instruct at the community playgrounds and, during the winter months, teach youngsters indoors at Columbia. The University's program is helping girls and boys learn a sport they can enjoy for a lifetime.

The program, to continue and expand, is in urgent need of funds. **Can you help us—all contributions are tax deductible. Please mail a check to Columbia Harlem/Inwood Tennis Development Program • Dep't. of Athletics • 400 John Jay • Columbia University • New York 10027 • • • *Your gift will be gratefully acknowledged.* • • •**

body the illusion that every girl can grow up to be Miss America. But, to begin with, they discriminate against blacks, and until last year, when they heard about my book, they'd never even had a black finalist, let alone a black Miss America. Then they discriminate against non-college girls. Actually, if a girl has to work and support her family, or can't afford to go to college, or isn't qualified to go to college, she can't even be a competitor.

"They even," he went on, "discriminate against redheads. They have let it be known to the judges, for example, that they consider redheads swingers, so they've discouraged a redhead from winning. In fifty years, none ever has. Another thing they don't like is big-busted girls. No girl with a bust over thirty-six inches has ever won. About twenty years ago, one won with a bust of thirty-five-and-a-half, but there's been none since and the composite bust is thirty-four. Incidentally, the very first Miss America had a bust smaller than Twiggy's. One of my biggest gripes is that they don't reveal how the judges voted. We know how the Supreme Court votes; we know how Congress votes; even in boxing we know how each round is voted. The judges themselves don't know how the others vote.

"The whole thing is cold, humorless, uptight, and cruel. The most important ingredient they think is poise—to be a good ambassadress. So, to get this, judges are encouraged to mingle with the girls and ask them any sort of question to see, as they say, how they 'field it.' For instance, they asked one girl if a Secret Service man told her the President of the United States would like her to give her body to a foreign agent to find out information for national security, would she do it? The girl that scored the highest on that question said: 'I'm a very patriotic American and I'd do anything my President asked me.'

"Finally, I resent the hypocrisy of it. The week the girls are in Atlantic City, they might as well be in the Bastille. They can't even talk to their fathers or their brothers. I just want to know why they are that protected. What are the people who run it so afraid of?"

Books, we presumed.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1955)

PHILIP (W.) QUIGG:
AMERICA THE DUTIFUL

No nation with such a preponderance of power has ever used it with so much restraint and discrimination. In the light of history, this may not be much of an achievement, and it has unquestionably been tarnished in Vietnam. But it should not be ignored.

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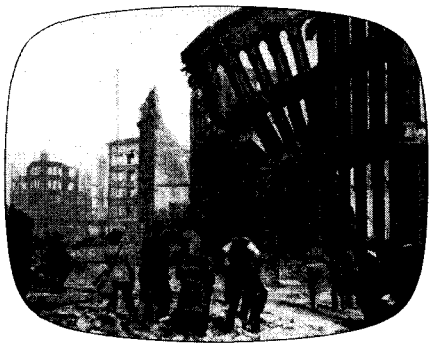
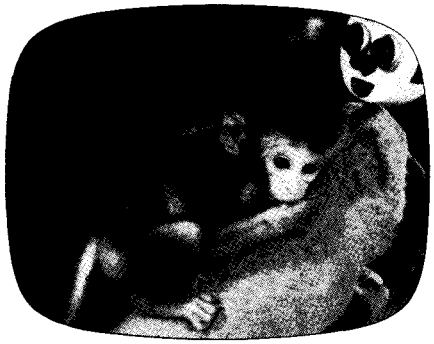


The Violent Earth

Take a Giant Step



Monkeys, Apes and Man

Which one is the children's program?

They all are.

The point, of course, is that television programming doesn't have to be labelled "For Children Only" to be of value to young viewers.

In the season ahead, many programs will attract and stimulate the whole family. Some to be seen shortly are listed on this page.

In those hours which, traditionally, are for children—Saturday and Sunday mornings—there are many new programs rich in information and entertainment. Some of these new weekly series are listed immediately below.

NEW WEEKEND CHILDREN'S SHOWS

Curiosity Shop. Each program is built on a theme and explores related ideas, using real children, puppets, animation. Saturdays, 10:30-11:30 am.

Take a Giant Step. Youngsters 13-15 years old produce this entertainment/information "magazine." Saturdays, 10:30-11:30 am.

Mr. Wizard. Don Herbert and two young guests study nature and science. Saturdays, 12-12:30 pm

You Are There. Dramatic re-creations of significant events in world history, as though young viewers were electronic eyewitnesses. Saturdays, 12:30-1 pm.

Children's Film Festival. Outstanding foreign movies for children. Saturdays, 1-2 pm.

Make a Wish. Using animation, film, live-action and folksong, each telecast explores the associations around two central ideas. Sundays, 11:30 am-12 Noon.

Directions. Gospel of Godspell; Heritage of Islam—Part 1; Parochial Schools; Changing Images of Christ; Christian Science; Women in the Church. Sundays, Oct. 3, 10, 17, 24, 31 (1-1:30 pm).

Monkeys, Apes and Man. National Geographic Society explores natural habitats of primates. Tuesday, Oct. 12 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Timex Presents the Circus. Star performers of The Ringling Bros., Barnum and Bailey Circus. Tuesday, Oct. 19 (8:30-9:30 pm).

Picasso Is 90. CBS Reports will include an hour reviewing the artist's accomplishments. Thursday, Oct. 21 (9-11 pm).

It's the Great Pumpkin, Charlie Brown. "Peanuts" kids celebrate Halloween. Saturday, Oct. 23 (8-8:30 pm).

Snoopy at the Ice Follies. Charles Schulz hosts ice extravaganza. Sunday, Oct. 24 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Walt Disney World Special. Opening of Walt Disney World in Florida. Friday, Oct. 29 (8-9:30 pm).

Aesop's Fables. Animated version with Bill Cosby as Aesop. Sunday, Oct. 31 (7:30-8 pm).

Robin Hood. The Sherwood Forest story in animation. Sunday, Nov. 14 (5-6 pm).

The Longest Day. Story of D-Day. Starring John Wayne, Robert Mitchum, Richard Burton, Henry Fonda, Rod Steiger, Curt Jurgens. Sunday, Nov. 14 (8 pm-conclusion).

The Snow Goose. Hallmark Hall of Fame —Friendship develops between artist and young girl as they care for injured bird. Monday, Nov. 15 (8-9 pm).

Dames at Sea. Musical spoofing '30's musicals. Starring Ann-Margret, Anne Meara, Ann Miller, others. Monday, Nov. 15 (9-10 pm).

The Last Days of John Dillinger. Appointment With Destiny—Documentary on "Public Enemy No. 1." Friday, Nov. 19 (8:30-9:30 pm).

South Pacific. Film version of Rodgers & Hammerstein musical. Wednesday, Nov. 24 (8-11:30 pm).

Cricket on the Hearth. Dickens' Christmas classic, animated. Thursday, Nov. 25 (3-4 pm).

Mouse on the Mayflower. A mouse joins Pilgrim Fathers sailing to America. Thursday, Nov. 25 (4-5 pm).

Winnie the Pooh and the Blustery Day. Animated adaptation of A. A. Milne story. Friday, Nov. 26 (8-8:30 pm).

Plimpton! Great Quarterback Sneak. George Plimpton plays for Baltimore Colts. Friday, Nov. 26 (9-10 pm).

The Violent Earth. Documentary on earthquakes and volcanoes. Friday, Nov. 26 (10-11 pm).

Treasure Island. Animated version of Stevenson tale. Sunday, Nov. 28 (5-6 pm).

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/Misterogers' Neighborhood/The Electric Company

Thursday: CBS Reports (appearing every fourth week)

Friday: Chronolog (appearing fourth Friday each month)

Saturday: Pop-Up/In the News/Dr. Dolittle/Barrier Reef/Lidsville/Take a Giant Step/Curiosity Shop/Mr. Wizard/You Are There/CBS Children's Film Festival

Sunday: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/The Reluctant Dragon and Mr. Toad/Camera Three/Make A Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Issues and Answers/60 Minutes/The Wonderful World of Disney

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Art Without a Border —But With a Fringe

FOR AN American visitor to the twenty-fifth Edinburgh International Festival, the overwhelming theater event was the presentation of *Carnival Scenes* and *Leonce and Lena* by Rumania's Bulandra Theatre. It was overwhelming because, in a time when the majority of the world's most famous repertory companies seem to be in a decline, this talented company from Bucharest abounds with a healthy sincerity and an evident desire to give of itself to its audience.

Carnival Scenes, written in 1885 by Rumania's greatest playwright, Ion Luca Caragiale, emerges as a remarkable combination of farcical situations and realistic characters found in the low common denominator of sloppy, sleazy, everyday existence. Although the humor is unsophisticated, the character portrayals by each of the Bulandra actors are perfect and free of artificiality. It is a tribute to director Lucian Pintilie that the excesses of farce are presented with such clean-cut discipline.

Completely different, but even more impressive, was the Bulandra production of Georg Büchner's *Leonce and Lena* (1836). Director Liviu Ciulei has exploited the amazing modernity of this rarely performed work. Mr. Ciulei, whose ability to function as one of Europe's leading scene designers (in addition to his acclaimed acting and directorial talents) extraordinarily equips him to achieve a total stage realization, has placed the play on a stage upon a stage and encouraged his actors to slip back and forth from one kind of reality to another. This is particularly appropriate to this strange play, in which Büchner himself so impulsively alternates between the deeply felt, the brazenly antic, and the surrealistically poetic.

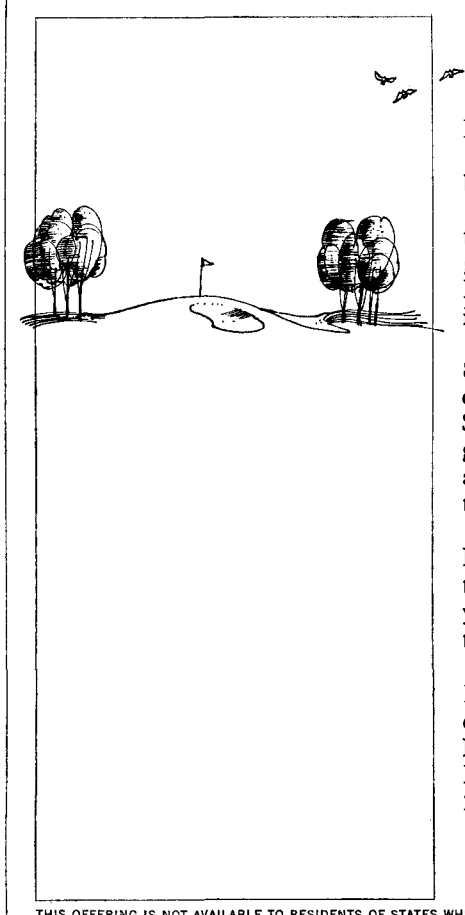
Fortunate, too, is the casting of Ion Caramitru in the role of Prince Leonce, who seeks profundity in the dissection of his own boredom and who finds romance by running away from romantic clichés. Caramitru, whose winning appearance and boyish charm would make it easy for him to become a popular star of stage and film, resists this boring matinee-idol princedom and instead delights us by demonstrating that he can create the standard theatrical effect and then joyfully explode its possible pretensions. Thus, he simultaneously throws himself into the paradoxically blessed and cursed actor's orbit and Prince Leonce into existential acceptance of the impossibilities of regality. Irina Petrescu is lovely as Lena. And Marin Moreau's quizzical performance as the confused little king is a masterpiece of comic acting.

Other international theater events included the visits of Andre Gregory's Manhattan Project *Alice in Wonderland* [see *SR*, Oct. 31, 1970], and the New Haven Long Wharf Theatre's repertory of two plays, *You Can't Take It with You* and Robert Anderson's new offering, *Solitaire/Double Solitaire*. The latter is scheduled to open on Broadway on September 30 and will be reviewed in *SR* at that time.

Home-grown entries were James Hogg's nineteenth-century Scottish play *Confessions of a Justified Sinner* and two Shakespearean productions from England. *King Lear*, staged by the up-and-coming Prospect Theatre Company with a young actor, Timothy West, in the title role, has been welcomed here as an intelligent and enjoyable production, and the Young Vic's *The Comedy of Errors* has proved very popular. The old comedy of twins and mistaken identity has been freely adapted into a modern Scottish setting by director Frank Dunlop.

Within a circus tent erected in the Haymarket Ice Rink, a predominantly young audience sat in low-priced bleacher seats and was delighted with such anachronistic shenanigans as the placing of the action in modern Edinburgh, with real automobiles and scooters dodging around a traffic island; the insertion of contemporary slang spoken often in Scottish dialect; and an amusing parody in which Shakespeare's abbess breaks into songs from *The Sound of Music*.

Although unofficial, an important adjunct to the festival is "the Fringe," where in small makeshift Edinburgh halls such works as *Beyond the Fringe* and *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* first gained critical acclaim. The Fringe has grown from a handful of British and Scottish university theater and dance presentations to an assortment of more than a hundred attractions. Although it now has its own club and ticket center and its own daily newspaper, both the critic and theatergoer have a difficult task picking the worthwhile events from the junk. For-



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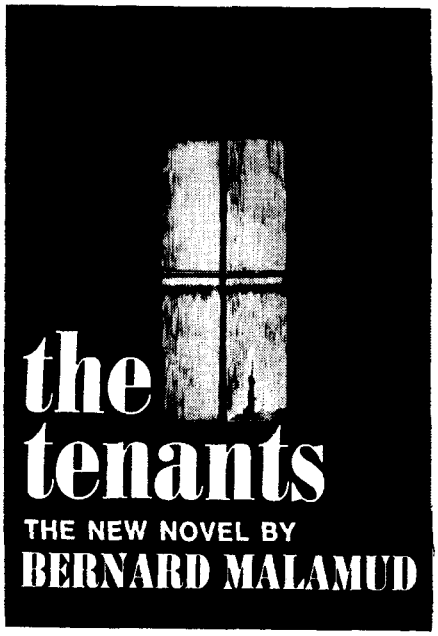

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tunately, many Fringe shows play at hours that do not conflict with the conventional times of the official festival events. Indeed, at one of its theaters, the famous Traverse Theatre Club, it is possible to see five plays plus the Traverse Tattoo (a grab-bag sample of one of the fringe creations regularly playing elsewhere) in one day.

The Traverse, which under the artistic leadership of Michael Rudman annually presents an adventurous program of new works, operates in a rearrangeable 100-seat theater. During the festival, it offered seven different attractions, some of which were staged in collaboration with other producing groups. These varied from Tom Mallin's *The Novelist,* a highly literate and sophisticated script performed by two established stars of the British theater, Barbara Jefford and Robin Bailey, to *Lay By,* written by a committee of seven playwrights (Howard Brenton, Brian Clark, Trevor Griffiths, David Hare, Stephen Poliakoff, Hugh Stoddart, and Snoo Wilson). *Lay By* examines with the utmost unequivocal thoroughness the consequences of an episode in which an oversexed husband pulls his van off the road onto a lay by and proceeds, in the presence of his pregnant wife, to have a variety of experiences with an unprotesting teen-age girl. This improper event is then punished by society with a severity so unreasonable that we become acutely aware of our guilt in actively or passively condoning it, for, as the play demonstrates, publicly expressed revulsion and private enjoyment of the juicy details frequently go hand in hand. The final scene, in which two hospital orderlies merrily dispose of the nude corpses of the play's three victims in a huge vat of formaldehyde, is so strong that some audience members have fainted. Whatever one's response may be to *Lay By,* it is an unforgettably vivid work that recklessly shatters the armor of our sexual conditioning.

Equally admirable was Chris Wilkinson's shorter play *Dynamo,* which was a guest production by the Soho Theatre. The play's initial objective, the slightly satirical re-creation of the endless, boring parade of bored girls one finds in a London strip-tease club, was nicely achieved. But beyond this, *Dynamo* at a climactic point shifts gears into an utterly real and poignant moment in which one of the strippers reveals a social nakedness that makes her physical nudity seem superfluous. Similarly, the play itself succeeds beautifully in tacitly suggesting that man's patently absurd need for sexual fantasy may be just another manifestation of a universally shared loneliness.

"No wonder that junta never got anywhere."

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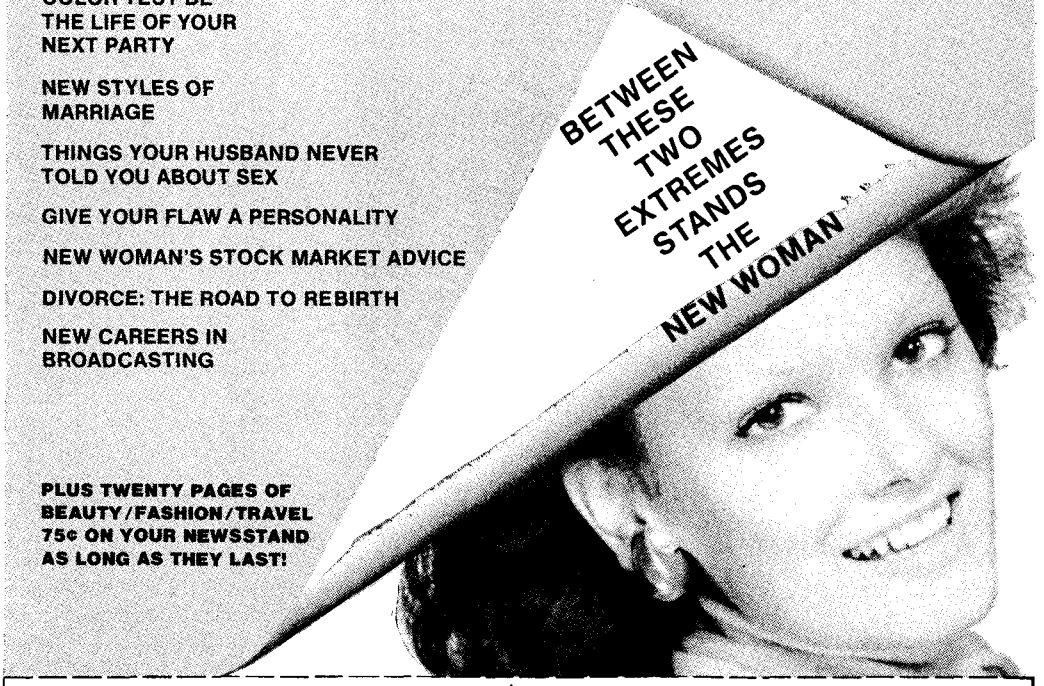

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

Cultural Lag

ALTHOUGH there are any number of good reasons, it remains a disconcerting fact of cinematic life that by the time the movie medium gets around to analyzing some facet of the contemporary scene, the focus of concern has shifted elsewhere. When the movies were offering their campus rebellion cycle, for example, that rebellion had already shifted to another phase, and the pictures themselves seemed dated, unsympathetic, and out of touch. The current hard drugs cycle, which consists primarily of dire, scarifying illustrations of what can happen to kids who have the habit, comes at a moment when everybody is aware of the effects and is searching for causes and solutions.

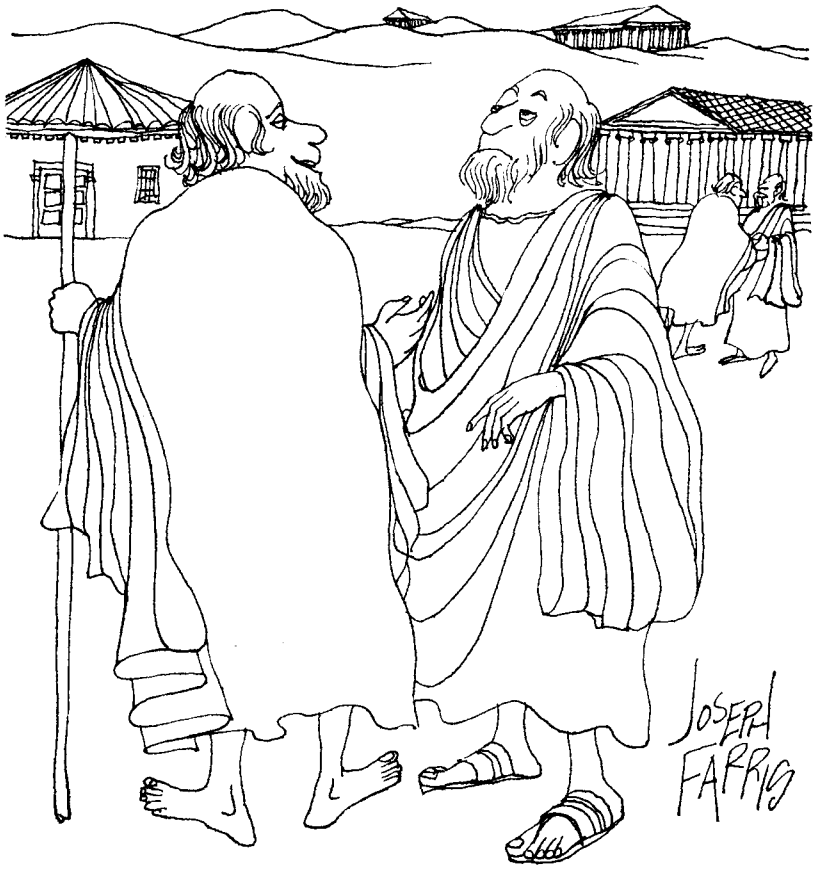
One of the more obvious explanations for this lag, of course, is the simple, ineluctable fact that it takes at least eighteen months to carry a movie from script to screen—and oftentimes longer. Beyond that lies the producers' tendency, wholly understandable in a mass medium such as films, to wait until a cultural phenomenon has fully established itself in their and the public's consciousness before putting any money into it. (They are probably pondering the possibilities of doing something on Women's Lib at this very moment.) But beyond *that* is their proclivity for basing their pictures on successful books or plays, which in turn have had their own extensive period of germination.

The big danger is that one can wait too long, and that is the major flaw in two of the current literary adaptations, *The Steagle* and *Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up to Me. The Steagle*, based on Irvin Faust's novel of five or six years ago, is set in 1962, the year of the Cuban missile crisis. In it Richard Benjamin plays a youngish college professor with the repressed fantasy life of a Walter Mitty. President Kennedy's proclamation that the launching of Soviet missiles from Cuba would be regarded as an act of Russian aggression convinces Benjamin that the end is at hand. In quick succession, he seduces a middle-aged schoolteacher, tells off his department head, deserts his wife, and sets out on a cross-country hop to enact his fantasies while there is still time.

The idea of how people might act at the end of the world has always been intriguing, particularly since it is invariably assumed that sexual inhibitions will be the first thing to go. What hobbles *The Steagle* a bit is our awareness that not only has the crisis passed that motivates it, but that it has been dwarfed by the numerous crises that have succeeded it. As a result, Benjamin comes off as an extraordinarily selfish, self-centered young man, rather than one panicked into a last, desperate fling. Of course, Benjamin's performance may contribute something to this effect. Even so, there he is conning an unhappy businessman, a reverend, a couple of airline stewardesses, and befriending a broken-down Western star whose fantasy life is even more bizarre than his own. It is an extreme of self-indulgence, with Benjamin's lack of concern for the people whose lives he touches climaxed and epitomized in a half-imaginary shoot-out staged in a deserted movie studio. Gleefully, he and Chill Wills mow down whole armies of extras.

Admittedly, *The Steagle* is black comedy, and black comedy eludes this kind of scrutiny. One should point out that it has been cleverly, imaginatively directed by Paul Sylbert (which it has), with a felicitous eye for the authenticating detail and an excellent ear for the properly allusive sound; and that the script contains many a neat turn of phrase and original touches—as when Benjamin courts the girl he believes to be his wartime sweetheart with the words of popular songs from the early Forties. (Fred Myrow's score is more than helpful in capturing the film's moods and places.) But what one is left with, once the missile crisis has passed and our professor is on his way back to his wife, is the realization that in his entire journey neither he nor we have encountered anyone really worth saving. And the sad thing is that Mr. Sylbert probably wasn't even remotely aware of this.

More disastrous still is the effect of the jet lag upon *Been Down So Long*, based on the Richard Fariña novel. It is part of the literature of the late Fifties, of Kerouac or possibly Ken Kesey, of the "beat generation" and all those young people who got lost on the road. But the plot that Fariña has supplied is even more strung out than his principals, going all the way from campus vignettes to the drug scene and, ultimately, the Cuban revolution. And director Jeff Young displays so little sense of the period that when our protagonist (Barry Primus) finally turns up in Havana in the midst of Castro's struggle for power, it seems like an anachronism.



"It's simple. The way to curb inflation is to float the drachma."

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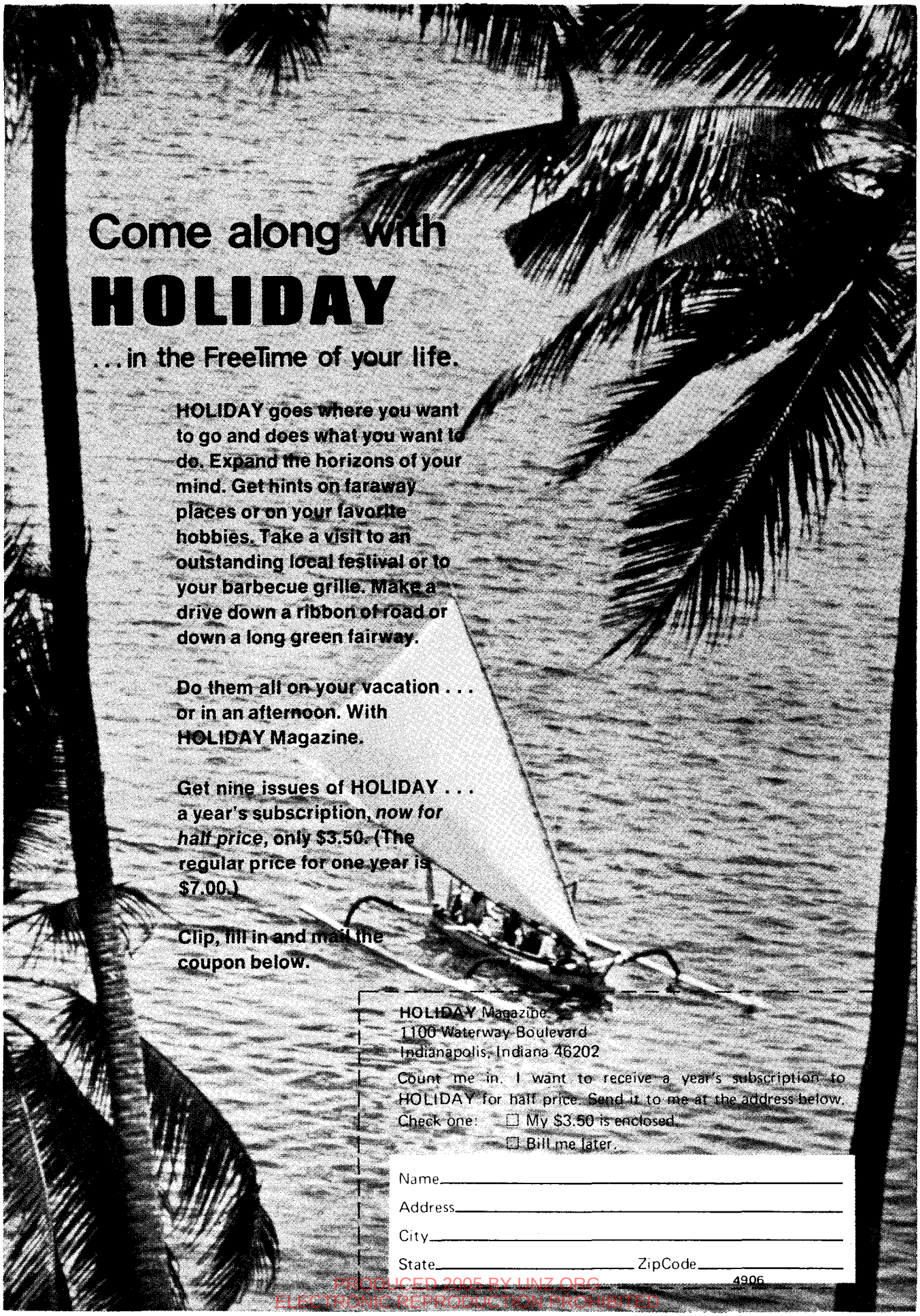
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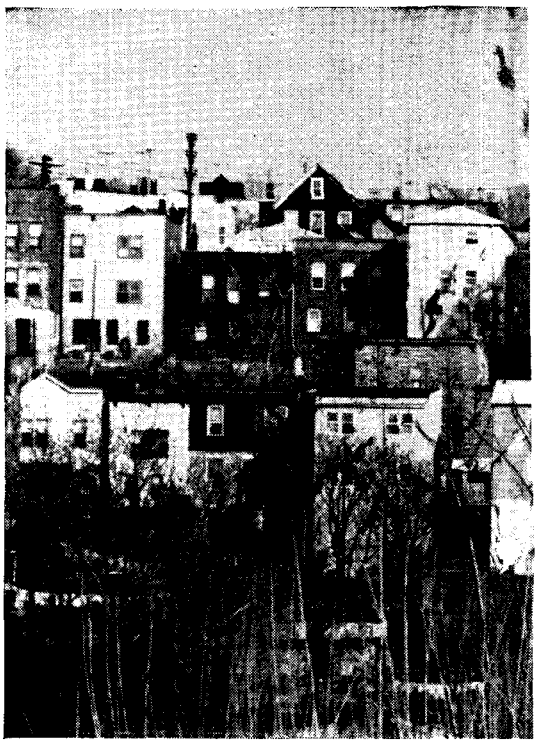

Design, Technology, and the Pursuit of Ugliness

"The roadside strips, the consumer products, the billboards, the fantasy cars, the monster junk piles are all portraits of us, not someone else. There is no 'they.'"

by GEORGE NELSON

A popular superstition envisions design as a mysterious occupation carried on by a scattering of peculiarly gifted people. The truth is that design is a very ordinary activity, almost as old as sex and food gathering. Everyone indulges in it to some extent. The entire synthetic landscape, save for a few neglected trees and an occasional patch of weeds, is *designed*. Things have to be designed before anyone can make them. Everything: fire engines and hydrants, curbs and manhole covers, buildings, signs, railings, lampposts, billboards, beer cans, chewing-gum wrappers.

Technology is a constellation of interlocking systems and activities that get work done with a constantly diminishing input of human labor. Technology began as an extension of tools and as such brought uncounted blessings with it. Now, swollen beyond any conceivable human scale, it rolls along, a blind Moloch overriding all needs of the human spirit, all traditions, customs, languages, races, ideologies. There is no one in the driver's seat.

Ugliness is a strictly modern product, an offshoot of technology expressed through the medium of design. It is almost impossible to find examples of man-made ugliness before the latter part of the eighteenth century. There is no ugliness in nature either. True, there are organisms that frighten or revolt people, such as poison ivy, jellyfish, hyenas, and cottonmouth moccasins, but there is no ugliness save for rare mistakes like Mongoloids or Siamese twins, and in nature such errors are quickly erased.

The story of how mankind went from a production almost entirely free of ugliness to the super-production of very little else is generally unfamiliar, although we all know pieces of it. The period of "non-ugliness" is a long one; it stretches from the dawn of history to the early years of the Industrial Revolution, some 7,000 to 8,000 years, which leaves about two centuries for the "modern" phase of the story. During the first part, people made things with their hands and with relatively simple tools and machines. Now we are moving very rapidly toward a point where people will make nothing.

When we look at ancient artifacts, time tends to fall away and technology fades out of the picture while we appreciate the fact that the creative act requires capabilities that do not vary greatly from one millennium to another. These primitive objects were *designed*, that is, thought out, felt, shaped, structured, textured, and otherwise decorated with conscious intent and, at their best, they represent peaks of human achievement.

Proper design involves a subtle, complex relationship between making and use, between materials and manufacturing methods, between shapes and structural requirements. The rules of the game were pretty much the same for Neolithic man as they are today. In this sense, there are no "primitive" objects. The early designer-craftsman had few tools at his disposal and few materials to work with, but because of these limitations, skills were developed to great depth and the patient study of materials over centuries produced a quite extraordinary body of design knowledge. The old shipbuilder, still alive in my youth, who determined the spacing of ribs in an elegant sailing vessel by walking along the keel and spitting at appropriate intervals, would have needed years to put down everything he knew about hull shapes, the characteristics of different woods, the behavior of vessels in water, the stresses produced by winds, and the minimum structures needed to cope with these forces. Farmers in eighteenth-century New England knew how to build sturdy, durable, beautiful barns without benefit of architects. When they came together for barn raisings, they all knew the proper ways to design and build a proper barn. No museum shows were

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GEORGE NELSON is one of this country's foremost industrial designers. His article is adapted from his forthcoming book *The Synthetic Garden*, to be published next year by Little, Brown. © by George Nelson.

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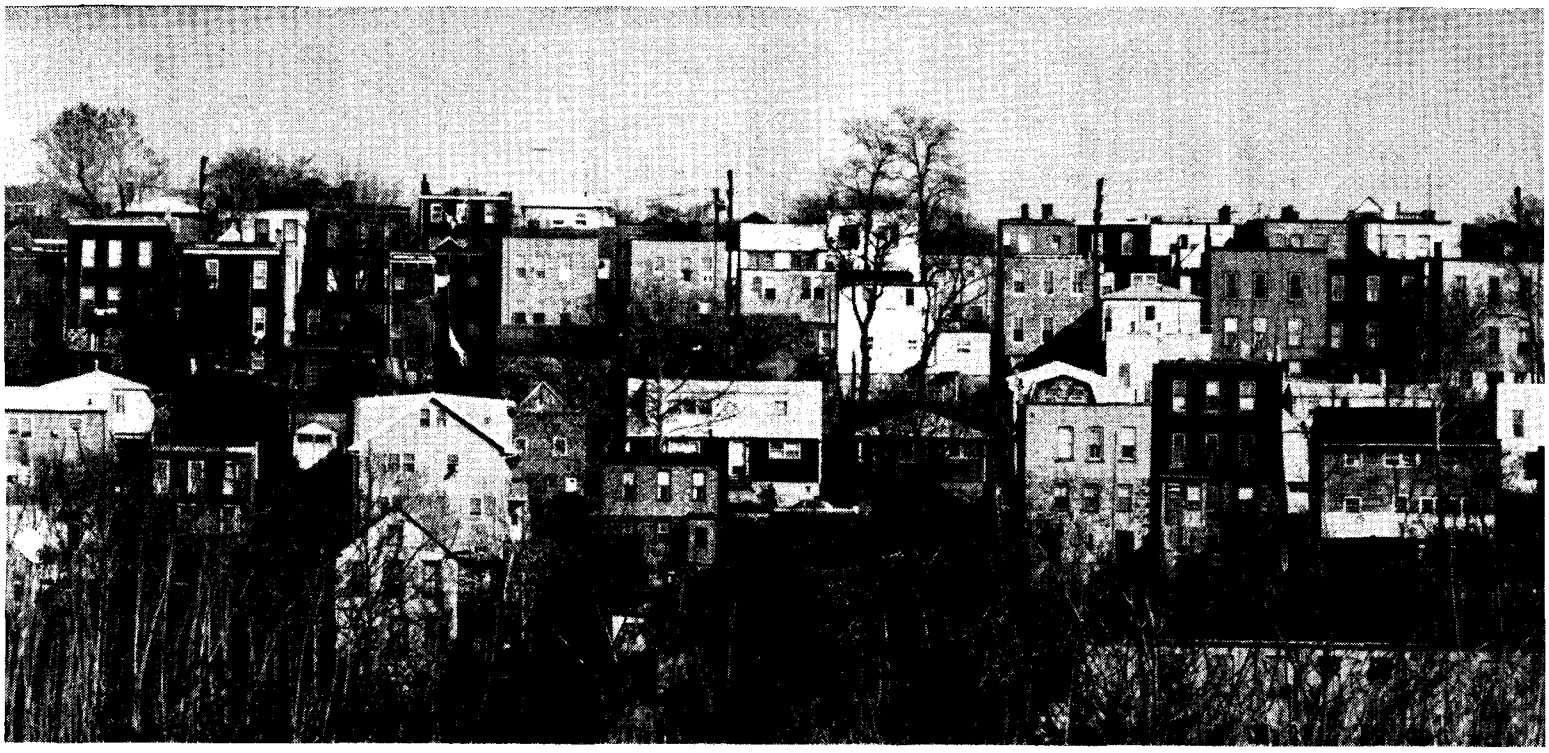

—David Plowden

needed to explain "good design." They knew. And because they knew, there was no need to "sell" design to "consumers," and thus to waste the time and energies of thousands of able-bodied men and women. There were no ugly designs because there were no inappropriate designs.

To the extent that we confine ourselves to things produced for the daily use of people, we come to realize that while the basic rules of the design game may not have changed, the context has changed greatly. During the pre-industrial period, a thing was almost always made for somebody identifiable. Farmers made furniture in the winter for themselves and their families. Shoemakers made shoes for people they knew. There was no abstract, statistically defined "consumer market." Thus, "appropriateness" in such settings almost always referred to the specific needs of a real person. The real person, in turn, generally knew precisely what his real needs were; he was not endlessly distracted by advertising that constantly tried to tell him what his needs ought to be. Furthermore, because production capabilities were limited, because wealth was limited, and because change took place slowly, people generally were familiar with the forms established by function and tradition; hence, it was normal for the designer-craftsman and his customers to talk the same language. Under such conditions it is hard to imagine that inappropriate designs would be acceptable to anyone, and for the same reason the production of ugliness was nonexistent.

As one speculates on the many differences between then and now, it becomes easier to see the pursuit of ugliness as something to be identified with a social situation in which the establishment of criteria regarding appropriateness becomes exceedingly difficult. As a designer, I have sat in on too many factory meetings where the burning question would be something like the desirability of putting headlights on a broom in order to get $2.49 more per sale. In the real-life situations, which are not as different from this extravagant example as one might think, appropriateness is not related to the user's need but to the shape of the sales curve. Since sales curves do not need brooms but only money, one can understand that ugliness, as an outcome of this utterly perverted process, becomes almost inevitable.

Exactly the same holds in the case of houses, which are far more conspicuous than brooms. The same New England farmer who put up such impressive barns also dealt with houses. His house was designed according to rule books published in England, modified to fit his needs, and executed by carpenters who made further modifications to fit the local situation, which included woods not available in England and a climate that was much more severe. Such houses fitted the context, human as well as natural, like gloves. By contrast, the ticky-tacky boxes that fill today's housing tracts reflect another set of conditions. They are not designed or built for "someone" but for "anyone." The site is usually destroyed to save building money. If there is any concept of personal dignity, personal need, or personal taste in these places, it is negligible. Once again, the idea of appropriateness relates only to the aspiration of the speculator, and the house, in fact, is nothing more than a device for enhancing the sales curve.

It is hard today to conceive of the scope of the transformation set off by a shift from handicraft to machine production. Since England was the leader in bringing about this transformation, we tend to identify the Victorian period as the time when design as a manifestation of the human spirit disappeared, when the machine production of consumer goods led to a kind of mass vulgarity without precedent. Vulgarity, however, was not the whole story. While consumer products accurately reflected a total cultural breakdown, the industrial "underground" was blissfully and quite unconsciously producing a counter-culture. It was related not to social groups but to the imperatives established by the combination of mercantile capitalism and industrial production. The new criteria for a factory were that it be productive, efficient, profitable. Just as the old shipbuilders knew the difference between a good design and a bad one, the new breed of factory managers soon learned the difference between good machines and better ones. Fortunately, nobody knew what a good machine should look like, for there was no tradition to offer direction; so the new explosion of design energy was triggered by a search for configurations and materials that would lead to the greatest efficiency. The result was the outpouring of a bewildering variety of new forms, all of them powerful, exciting—and unprecedented.

Along with the machines, new categories of structures were demanded by a rapidly expanding society. The Crys-

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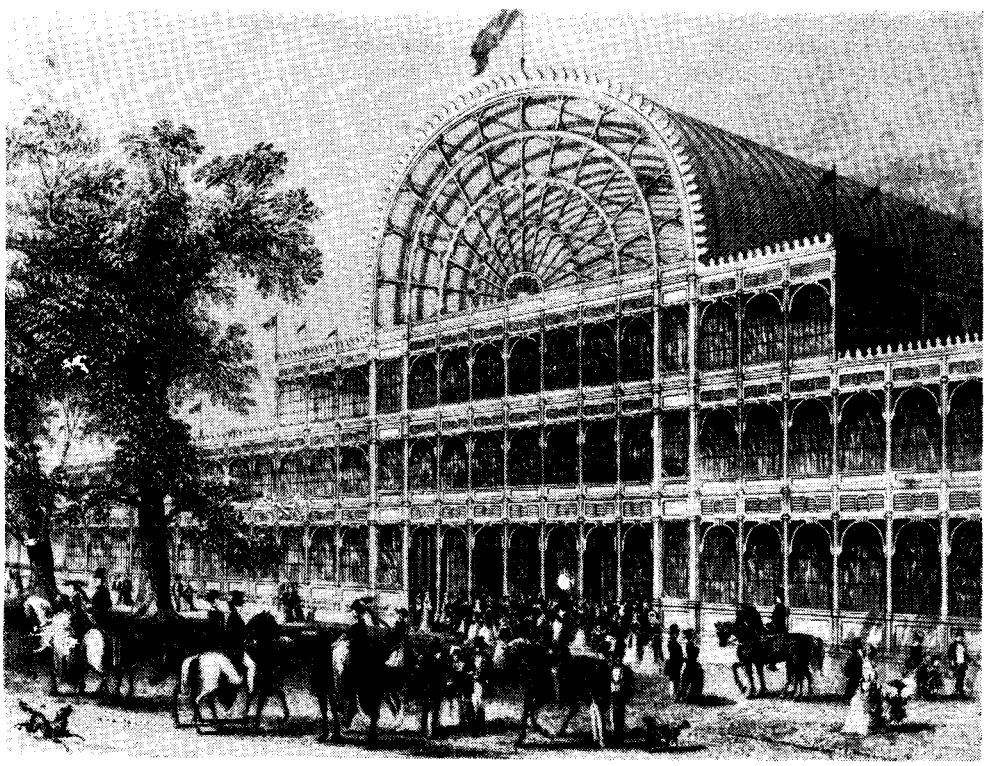
tal Palace, built in London for the Great Exhibition of 1851, might well be taken as a symbol of the transformation in architecture that came out of the Industrial Revolution. Architects generally tend to be a highly conservative, even reactionary, group because the place they find their clients is within the Establishment. Thus, it comes as no surprise to learn that the architects of Victorian England were so busy improvising new fantasies on classical themes that they failed to notice what was going on. When the project for the Great Exhibition came up, it was suddenly discovered that there was no architect alive who could meet the time schedule or the budget, and the job went by default to Joseph Paxton, a landscape gardener by trade. Landscape gardeners not only clipped shrubs but designed greenhouses, and the needs of the super-rich of the mid-nineteenth century also included super-greenhouses. Architects did not take on such jobs because they were not considered "real architecture." Paxton got the Crystal Palace project because the only known structure that could be prefabricated, put up in a hurry, and meet a tight budget was a super-greenhouse. Much the same kind of thing happened with the first railway terminals, where architects designed the monumental and nostalgic facades, while engineers produced the beautiful glass and steel sheds that covered the tracks.

Because of these and similar developments, it presently became clear that the key designer was now the engineer. The craftsman was gone, and the architects had become a kind of priesthood serving obsolete cults and rituals. The mechanical engineer was the only professional around who knew how to design machines, and the structural engineer was alone in his ability to design structures of metal or concrete. But the emergence of the engineer introduced another element that was ultimately to be as potent as his machines and structures: dehumanization.

The engineer was the first designer in history whose concern was with things rather than with people. An Egyptian pyramid was built to house a dead king. A temple housed a god and his children. But a railroad bridge exists for the passage of trains, and if people are carried by some of the trains, they weigh so little that the design is unaffected. A dam, regardless of its social benefits, is designed to hold back a mass of water. A factory shelters a production process; people are there only because automation has not developed to the point of eliminating them completely.

Because of the impersonality of the engineering design process, and because of the largely dehumanized objectives of business and industry, it is not surprising that engineers have defaced more landscapes than other people. The engineers are now becoming aware of this. Not long ago an editorial in an engineering journal, after an appropriate interval of breast-beating, suggested that if engineers had managed to pull off so massive a job of environmental destruction, they were the best people to put it together again. One begins to suspect, at this late date, that if war is too serious an affair to be entrusted to the generals, perhaps the environment is too precious a resource to be left in the hands of the engineers.



—Bettmann Archive

Crystal Palace, built for London's Great Exhibition of 1851—"a symbol of the transformation in architecture that came out of the Industrial Revolution."

By the beginning of the present century, it was clear that Emerson had called the shots accurately: "Things are in the saddle," he remarked ruefully, "and ride mankind." The engineers and their "practical" clients had things pretty much their way. But not entirely. One of the strangest parts of this tale is that one would have thought that the engineers, having created an entirely new esthetic outlook and a powerful vocabulary of new forms, would have had some awareness of what they were doing, but they had none. As late as the 1930s, when the dams for the Tennessee Valley Authority were being designed, one of the decisive battles in modern design history was fought out by the old engineers and the young architects. The engineers, full of feelings of inferiority toward the Establishment architects, wanted to cover the dams with Roman columns, pilasters, and arches. The architects insisted that the great sweeping forms in concrete were so beautiful in themselves that they needed no embellishment. It was an astonishing situation: The engineers who created the dams literally could not see what they were doing, and it took some upstart architects to keep them from wrecking their own handiwork. Fortunately for the nation, the architects won.

As a result of such professional blindness, the key role again began to shift, and as early as 1910 it became apparent that the architects were going to take over the leadership. They were the only ones who understood that technology had produced a powerful and appropriate new esthetic, and they began to work with it in buildings that had no particular engineering significance. This movement was global and it involved perhaps thirty architects in almost as many countries. By the 1950s it was fairly clear that "modern" architecture was taking over in every area of building. The last of the holdouts were churches, institutional buildings, and houses, but even these pockets of resistance are disappearing. After all, when one realizes that the low-cost house market has been virtually taken over by trailers and that these, regardless of what one thinks of them, are certainly "modern," there isn't much left. In the modern house, which now exists everywhere, one can sense very strongly an antidote to the dehuman-

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ization brought in by the engineers, for while these dwellings make every effort to use the most advanced technology available, there is at the same time evidence of a strong concern for the emotional and physical needs of their occupants.

Despite these noble achievements, the empire of the architects is now crumbling. Their monopoly as environmental tastemakers is being attacked, not so much by rival professional groups as by modern life itself. In fact, it seems clear that it was the very accomplishments of the leading contemporary architects that have undermined the future of this ancient profession. However, before going into this in more detail, we have to acknowledge the emergence of the industrial designer, another group that has exerted a certain influence on the nation's pursuit of ugliness.

Industrial design, like the asparagus beetle, emerges when the local situation is ripe for it. Ripeness can be identified by a certain technical sophistication in the industrial community and by a level of production that covers a broad range of items. It appeared in the United States and Germany around the middle 1920s, in Japan about a dozen years ago, in the U.S.S.R. in the middle 1960s, and it got official recognition in France a couple of months ago.

In the United States, the industrial designer began as the man who persuaded industry to make those dreary household gadgets and appliances look glamorous, thus starting a love affair with the American housewife that is not yet over. Industrial designers promoted tools that were easier to handle, machines that were easier to operate, shapes, colors, and textures that were natural and appropriate to the industrial process. The success of these professional efforts lay in the fact that when they did persuade industries to take their advice, sales went up, and, as the news got around, more industries retained more designers, thus encouraging the formation of new schools whose graduates went out and formed new offices.

The significance of industrial design seems to lie in two very different areas. The first has to do with the total acceptance of industrial involvement in the creative process. In a sense, what we have here is a continuance of the movement started by the engineers. These people created a new esthetic through their work in the industrial context, but they didn't understand the implications of what they were doing. The architects, some of whom understood very well what had happened, went on to create modern architecture, a style of building that is part of the technological esthetic. The weakness of the architect was that while he used mass-produced components, he still saw architecture as a one-of-a-kind signed masterpiece. Because of this preoccupation with the personally crafted monument, he also failed to see that the building was not the end of the road, but that it was merely a component in the synthetic environment. The industrial designer has none of these hang-ups; he likes the idea that the millionth product will be exactly like the first off the line. When confronted by a building problem, he is not so enraptured by the building per se that he fails to notice its surroundings.

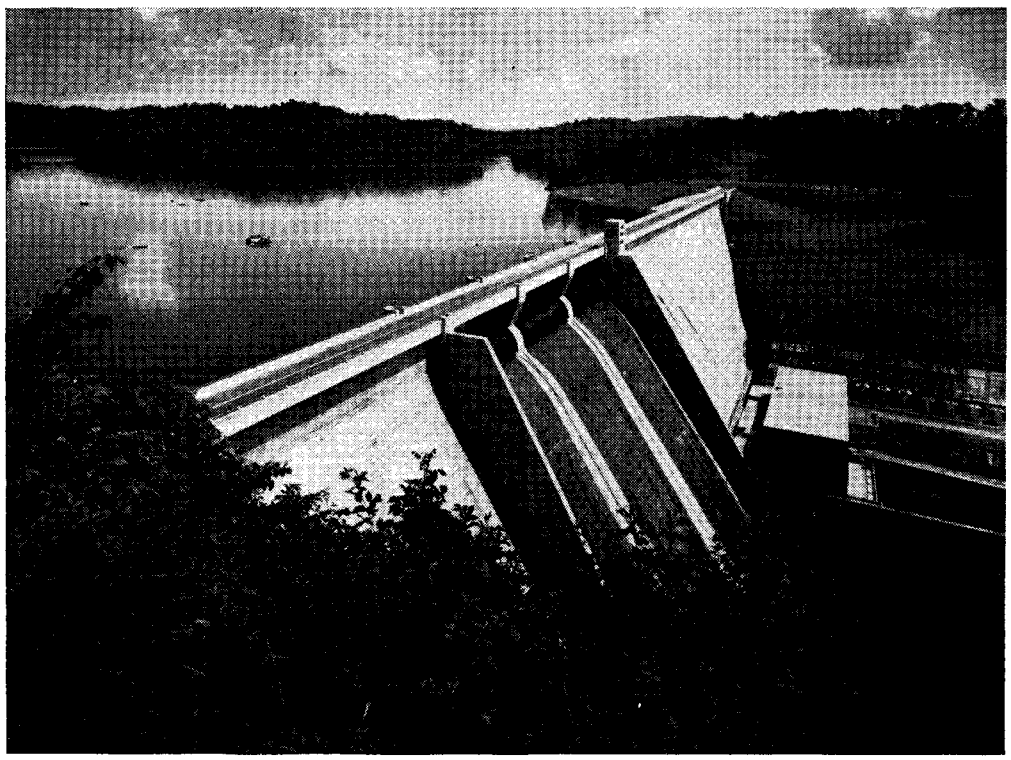
The second element of significance in the emergence of the industrial designer is that he has become, in many instances, the only individual in the entire chain of product development with any concern for human needs. Manufacturers, despite the protestations of their public relations people, do not concern themselves with the customer. My own office worked seven years for one of the giants before we discovered that when our client said "customer" he was talking about the retailer.

As we observed earlier, the context within which the old designer-craftsman worked provided intimate contact between maker and user. This relationship ceased to exist a long time ago. It is impossible for today's designer to become intimately acquainted with the specific needs of five hundred thousand or five million people. Furthermore, there is no channel through which the customer can make his or her needs known. The Madison Avenue types say that people express their preferences through their buying decisions. One might say, on this basis, that a condemned man, given the choice of hanging, drowning, or gas, can express a preference. No doubt he could, but his *need* is to stay alive. I repeat: As things are, the consumer has no way of making his needs known.

Now, if the consumer has few real choices, if he has no effective way of making his needs known, if the real decisions affecting the product are made by remote committees concerned with everything but the customer's real needs, we presently arrive at the point where the only possible design program is a description of the competition's most successful product. This is how the Edsel came into being. There was no idea of making a better or different car, merely a desire to muscle into a market occupied by a successful competitor. The fact that the Edsel failed is of no importance, for had it succeeded, the customer's range of choice would not have been expanded by a single millimeter. In such situations, and they are numerous, the relations between design and technology, which could be positive, healthy, liberating, and creative, are perverted by the pressures of sales or of corporate egos.

If, as I have suggested, the designer is the only element in the product de-

(Continued on page 60)



—Monkmeyer Photo

TVA's Norris Dam—"The architects insisted that the great sweeping forms in concrete were so beautiful in themselves that they needed no embellishment."

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The Death of "Look"

It is not enough to eulogize a major American magazine after its demise. Nor is it enough to express sympathy for the hundreds of staff members who find themselves without work in a fast dwindling industry. If there is a real concern for the institution of the American magazine, an effort should be made to understand why so many of them have been dying in recent years and why more may die before long.

A half-century ago, the mass magazine was the single most important medium of national communication. If a writer wanted a nationwide audience, he turned to such magazines as *The Saturday Evening Post* or *Collier's* or *Liberty*. These journals had a prime place in the thought patterns of the American people. The things people talked about, all the way from amusements to national issues, frequently had their origins in the weeklies. The advent of radio failed to weaken the position of the big magazines as the leading medium of national communication. Both *Look* and *Life* magazines were born in the mid-Thirties and soared in circulation at a time when radio was at its zenith.

Even television failed to cut into magazine readership; indeed, magazine circulation continued to expand during the period of TV's most explosive growth. What hurt magazines was the mammoth competitive advantage enjoyed by television in using the air as a free delivery system. Magazines had to process and transmit their message via print, paper, and the mails. Consequently, television could charge advertisers substantially less than magazines to reach prospective customers.

The most valuable part of any television station is the franchise itself, represented by the allocation of a channel. The value of buildings and fixed equipment is minor alongside the value of the franchise. The theory under which the government allocates channels is that the air belongs to the American people and that its use should be regulated. The allocation of a channel is virtually cost free. Once having received a channel, however, the recipient is able to sell that same asset later for many millions of dollars. The channel does not revert in ownership to the American people, despite the fact that the original allocation is made in their name.

This licensing system has resulted in strange situations, not all of them in the public interest. Consider what has happened in New York. All the standard channels were awarded by the Federal Communications Commission to commercial broadcasters without charge. Incredibly, no channel was set aside for educational television. This meant that public-spirited citizens in New York City were put in the bizarre position of having to pay $7-million to buy a channel from a commercial owner. The same situation exists today in Los Angeles, where the only way a public television station can get a standard channel is by buying off a commercial owner who received the channel free. Only a few weeks ago, one of the Los Angeles commercial stations asked more than $20 million for its franchise in negotiations with private citizens who want to acquire a regular channel for public television.

The allocation of the television channels may not, strictly speaking, have come under the heading of a national giveaway of public wealth, but it certainly represented billions of real wealth to its private owners.

Our purpose here, however, is not to rehash old arguments about the propriety of national policy with respect to the allocation or sale of TV channels but to attempt to assess the effects and implications of this policy on large magazines. One of these effects is particularly worthy of attention.

A TV station can increase its audience, say, from three million to six million without increasing the cost of reaching each additional viewer. When a magazine increases its audience, however, it has to meet additional costs in printing, paper, and postage. Of all these costs, postage now represents perhaps the strongest single negative factor.

First, some history. The framers of the U.S. government believed that an open society required the fullest possible circulation of ideas and information. They set up a special category of mail service to encourage the dissemination of such ideas and information. Without such encouragement, it is

¿Habla Usted Español?

by James Reiss

The Spanish expression *Cuando yo era un muchacho*
may be translated: when I was a boy,
as, for example, "When I was a boy I wanted to be
a train driver," or "When I was a boy I was completely unaware of
the flimsy orchid of life."
It is the kind of expression found in textbooks of the blue breeze,
and more useful, really, than expressions like "Please put the bananas
on the table, Maria,"
or "Take it easy is the motto of the happy-go-lucky Mexican."
When I was a boy the sun was a horse.
When I was a boy I sang "Rum and Coca-Cola."
When I was a boy my father told me the mountains were the earth's
sombreros.

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doubtful whether many journals would have been started or, once started, could have maintained themselves. In recent years, however, the original philosophy has been eroding. Increases in postal costs have not only been rising but are multiplying. Prodigious hikes in postal rates were the strongest single reason cited by the owners of *Look* magazine for their decision to discontinue publication.

What makes the postal increases all the more difficult to comprehend or justify is the fact that President Nixon has been decrying the irresponsibility of those who have been pressing for higher wages and prices. Yet, the federal government itself has decreed a 150 per cent increase in magazine postal costs over the next four years. This is over and above a series of substantial hikes during the past four years. For the national economy as a whole, the average annual rate of inflation has been between 5 and 6 per cent in recent years.

How will magazines meet this quadrupling of postal costs during the next four years? We have no way of knowing. Magazines like *Playboy*, with their predominantly newsstand circulation, will have little difficulty in surviving. But most magazines reach only a small fraction of their readers through newsstands. There is no question in our own minds that *Saturday Review*, for example, would go out of business overnight if we were forced out of the mails and onto newsstands where there is only so much display space to go around and where the favored magazines are frequently those featuring subject matter far outside our own competence or concern.

For the big magazines—big both in circulation and physical format—the proportionate cost of postage is higher than for periodicals in the category of *SR*. The reason for this is that the U.S. Postal Service charges according to weight. If the projected schedule of postal increases of 150 per cent over the next four years is carried out, it is more than likely that magazine casualties will mount. The large magazines, seriously disadvantaged as they are competitively by the advertising pricing of television, will be under greater pressure than the most specialized journals. But even the smaller magazines, most of which have only negligible newsstand circulation, may not be able to live with the steep postal increases.

Over the years, we haven't hesitated to speak to our readers about internal affairs at *SR*. We don't hesitate to speak now about a situation that was a major factor in the decision to discontinue *Look* magazine and that is very much on the minds of all those who have chosen periodical publishing as their profession. —N.C.

Letters to the Editor

For God or Country?

GORDON ZAHN's "The Great Catholic Upheaval" [*SR*, Sept. 11] stated some newsworthy facts about Catholic attitudes toward war. But Mr. Zahn commits an injustice toward American Catholic bishops . . . when he accuses them of making themselves "accomplices to murder" by silence in the matter of war atrocities.

In the United States, we have a responsibility toward fair trial of the accused. For Catholic bishops representing fifty million Catholics to have denounced U.S. military men for atrocities still unproved would have been to aid in prejudging and therefore in prejudicing their trials. And, after men have been condemned by judicial process, it is not customary in this country for citizens, individually or in bodies, to denounce them.

As to [the two] Catholic bishops who resigned because their "episcopal peers" scorned their individual protests: one had married on the sly while proclaiming a "case of conscience," and the other resigned while "contemplating," as he said, the possibility of going through life in double harness.

JAMES P. DERUM,
St. Clair, Mich.

GORDON ZAHN's recent article will stir many theologians and historians to a deeper probing into the relationship between traditionally stated and accepted dogmatic stands on war and the justified indignation of those for whom Christianity should create an ethos dictating moral human behavior.

Even more important than the issue of war are the long-range implications of the formulation of a Christianity able to liberate itself from blind theological traps and commit itself to the rediscovery of human dignity.

DR. PAUL CIHOLAS,
Associate Professor of Religion,
Campbell College,
Buies Creek, N.C.

Remembering Peggy

I WAS particularly moved by N.C.'s tribute to Margaret Bourke-White [*SR*, Sept. 11]. The observation that "she was as incapable of self-pity as she was of somber or uncharitable thought" recalled her special quality aboard a troop ship bound for Europe in October 1944.

The ship was in convoy, darkened every night, and overcrowded. We were full of self-pity, and yet possessed of a latent excitement about our first assignment to combat. Peggy White in a few minutes dispelled our self-pity and elevated our concealed agitation to a feeling of adventure. There were entries in my notebook: "She spent several afternoons and evenings chatting with us about Europe and Russia especially. . . . She felt Stalin has a very poor conception of the power of the press in the United States."

The content of our questions or of her answers are of no importance now, but her ebullience, her charm, and indeed her comfort clearly removed our self-pity, dispelled the somberness, and turned us toward the charitableness of warm companionship.

SHEAREN ELEBASH,
Montgomery, Ala.

The Royal "I"

ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON'S otherwise commendable review "Of King and Queens" [RADIO-TV, Aug. 28] contains a serious misunderstanding. It is a mistake to compare the introspectiveness of Shakespeare's "royal, tragic characters [gazing] upon their passions and fates" to lack of the same in the "chief personages" of the BBC series *The Six Wives of Henry VIII*. The authors of this series are quite right in portraying such personages, especially Henry VIII himself, as true Renaissance individuals, i.e., persons well acquainted with their singularity and uniqueness, but not with their inward selves capable of looking objectively at their thoughts, feelings, and actions.

Such inwardness only comes after the Reformation, as shown by the history of hyphenated words beginning with "self," e.g., self-praise (1549), self-pity (1621), self-consciousness (1690). Before this, the Renaissance first had to liberate the single individual from his submerged identity with the Medieval (and earlier) institutions and corporations from which he issued. This liberation led to fascination with the heady prerogatives of singularity in thought and action, but not to the sober reflections of self-consciousness right away.

Shakespeare exploits the growing self-awareness of post-Reformation Europeans, and, indeed, as a gifted poet, pushes such awareness further on. But our cautions, as inheritors of enlightenment and existentialist conceptions on such greater capacities as self-actualization and self-transcendence, should be not to attribute to those either before or immediately after the Reformation more self-awareness than they actually had. We should, therefore, congratulate, not chastize, the authors of *The Six Wives* for their fidelity to history, which in this case is, overall, an accurate representation of human beings as they were during the High Renaissance. Given to singular initiative, they were not given to self-examination.

ERLING SKORPEN,
Associate Professor of Philosophy,
University of Maine,
Orono, Me.

Wallace Reassessment

ALTHOUGH John Ciardi's paragraphs on Henry Wallace were incidental to the main point of his "Open Letter to the New Voters" [MANNER OF SPEAKING, Sept. 11], justice to Mr. Wallace requires that another assessment of him be considered.

I support (in spades) Mr. Ciardi's sus-

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picions that the Progressive Party and Wallace were dupes of the Communist workers and his belief that Wallace was a good man, but I do not think he was "duped by ambition" and was therefore a "small man."

As assistant director of information in the Department when Wallace was Secretary of Commerce, I attended all his staff meetings and news conferences and had some casual contacts with him. I know from experience that he was indescribably naïve in his blind trust in his fellow men, but it would not have occurred to me that whatever political ambitions he may have had were selfishly personal. After all, standing by his principles cost him a second term as Vice President and later brought his dismissal from President Truman's Cabinet.

With U.S.-Russian relations deteriorating, the arms race that was to come already in sight, and military nuclear technology spreading, Wallace strongly believed in 1946 that our foreign policy did "not recognize the basic realities which led to two world wars" and threatened another. His concern grew so intense that it seemed in the end to be taking precedence over some of his departmental responsibilities.

His letter of July 23, 1946, to President Truman and his brief statement read to the American people over the air on the night of his dismissal do not seem to me to support any thought of personal ambition. "Winning the peace is more important than high public office," he said on the air. "It is more important than any consideration of party politics.

"The success or failure of our foreign policy will mean the difference between life and death for our children and our grandchildren. . . . It may mean the difference between the existence and extinction of man and of the world. It is therefore of supreme importance, and we should, every one of us, regard it as a holy duty, to join the fight for winning the peace."

DONALD R. BURGESS,
Naples, Fla.

Goldwater's Wars

SENATOR BARRY GOLDWATER, commenting on a recent *SR* editorial [LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, Aug. 28], observes that "the United States has been in 155 wars in its history and only five of them have been declared." One wonders how the Senator defines war and where he found his count. On June 3, the Senator caused to be printed in the *Congressional Record* a speech by Solicitor General Erwin Griswold that said: "one can count one hundred sixty-one separate instances in which this nation was engaged in hostilities against a foreign power, between 1798 and 1945, including the Civil War; and only six of these involved a formal declaration of war." One conjectures that the Senator wanted a list of foreign wars and therefore he excluded the Civil War and reduced Griswold's 161 instances to 160 and his declared wars from six to five. If he wanted the total of undeclared wars, he would subtract five from 160; but then he must have mistakenly included his five declared wars in the 155. And he must have failed to notice that Griswold's list ended with 1945. Surely the Korean War, the Vietnam War, and the occupation of the Dominican Republic qualify as wars, if Lebanon, the Bay of Pigs, the Cuban blockade, Cambodia, and Laos do not.

Where did Griswold get his 160 cases of "hostilities" between 1798 and 1945? Undoubtedly from Rogers's *World Policing and the Constitution*, which lists 149 "military operations of the United States abroad" between 1798 and 1945. Some of Rogers's episodes involved more than one landing on foreign soil; by counting these as separate cases, 149 could be increased to 160 or to a much larger figure. Rogers confesses that in the great majority of these cases there was no confrontation of hostile forces and not a shot was fired; nevertheless, his "military operations" was converted into "hostilities" by Griswold and into "wars" by Goldwater. Rogers lists nine cases rather than five in which Congress authorized the action. But the French war of 1798-1801, which Rogers calls an "undeclared war," was initiated by Congress, which ordered naval hostilities without using the word war. The Supreme Court called this a limited war authorized by the sole authority capable of instituting either general or limited war, the Congress. And Rogers calls the wars with Tripoli, 1801-1805, and with Algiers, 1815, undeclared wars, although in both cases Congress specifically authorized all actions permitted by "the state of war." Rogers's cases of declared war must be raised to twelve.

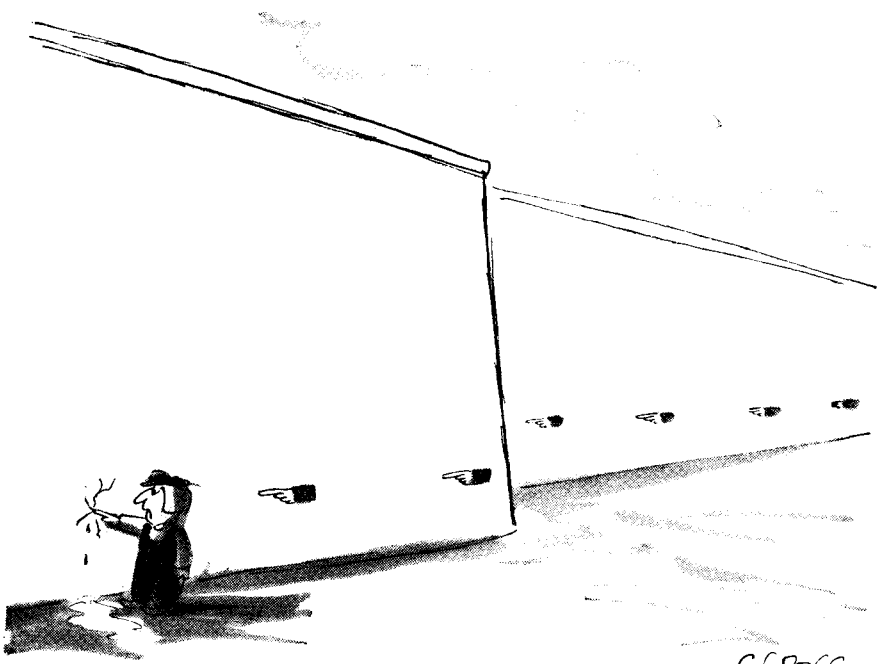
Rogers's 149 cases, which must be Griswold's 160 and Goldwater's 155, embrace a wide variety of actions, a number of which raise no legal problem of any kind. One episode is the stationing of six sailors for one week at our embassy in Paris in 1914. Three are cases of the enforcement on the high seas of the acts of Congress against piracy and slave trade. (Many more could have been adduced.) Nine are minatory demonstrations that involved neither hostilities nor invasion. One was the arrest of the filibusterer William Walker on Nicaraguan soil in 1857. (President Buchanan expressed regret, and Walker was released.) Fifty-eight were landings for the protection of citizens; if one adds the military occupation of Caribbean states to this lot, the total before 1945 is sixty-three.

More interesting is the authority invoked. Without having access to the instructions of individual naval commanders in the days of sail, one cannot be sure, but my best guess is that of Rogers's list of 137 actions (one deducts from 149 the twelve cases in which Congress authorized general or limited war) only fifty-five were authorized by the President or a Secretary of the Army or Navy; eighty-two were undertaken by a subordinate officer on the spot and without orders from superiors.

Apparently, the purpose of Griswold and Goldwater in adducing these instances is to imply that war may legally be initiated without the approval of Congress. Then the argument must be that fifty-five precedents establish that the President possesses the war power; but eighty-two hold that every naval and army captain also has the legal right to initiate war without the authorization of either Congress or the President. How unjust that Commodore Porter was court-martialed and convicted for attacking Fajardo in Puerto Rico (one of the purported precedents for unauthorized Executive action).

This is not to deny that in perhaps as many as a dozen cases Presidents have committed very serious breaches of the Constitution. But neither the pretenders to autocracy nor their apologists should be permitted to disguise the crime of usurpation, subversive of our whole Constitutional system, by advancing the falsehood that most Presidents have been similarly guilty.

FRANCIS D. WORMUTH,
The University of Utah,
Salt Lake City, U.



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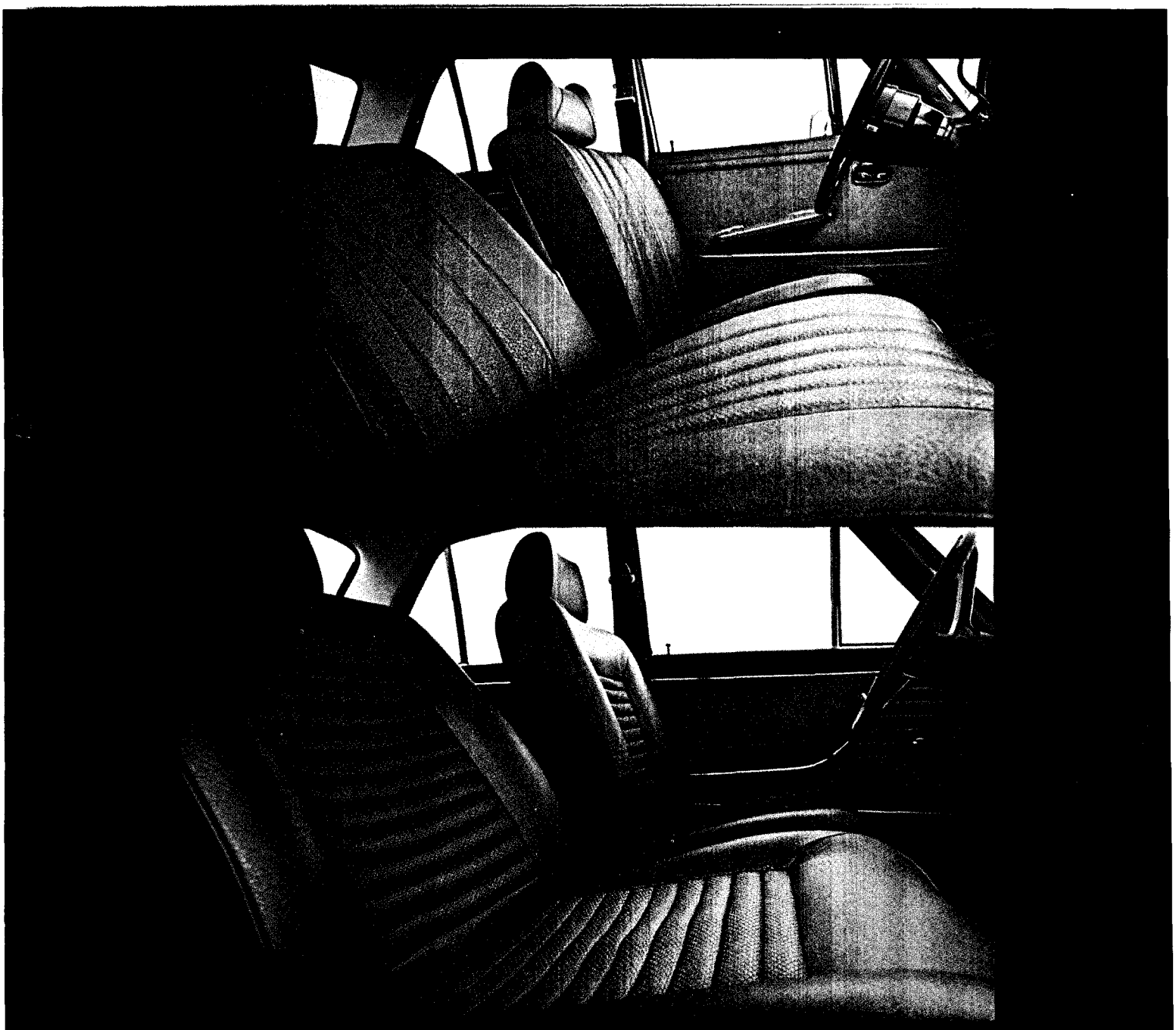

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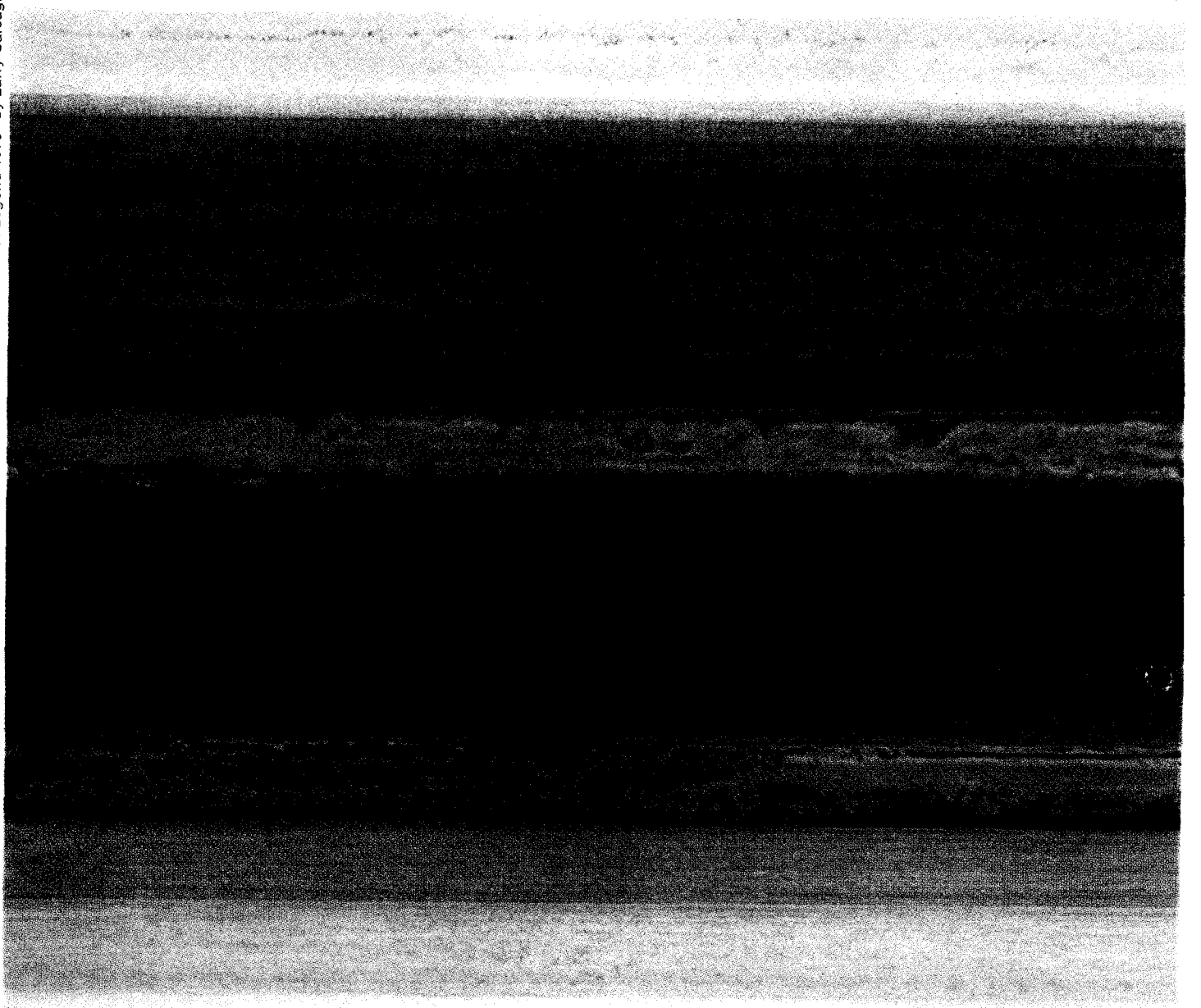

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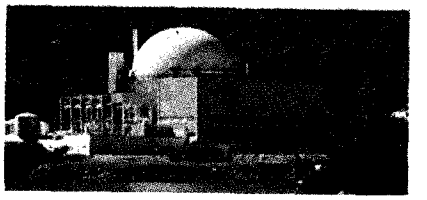

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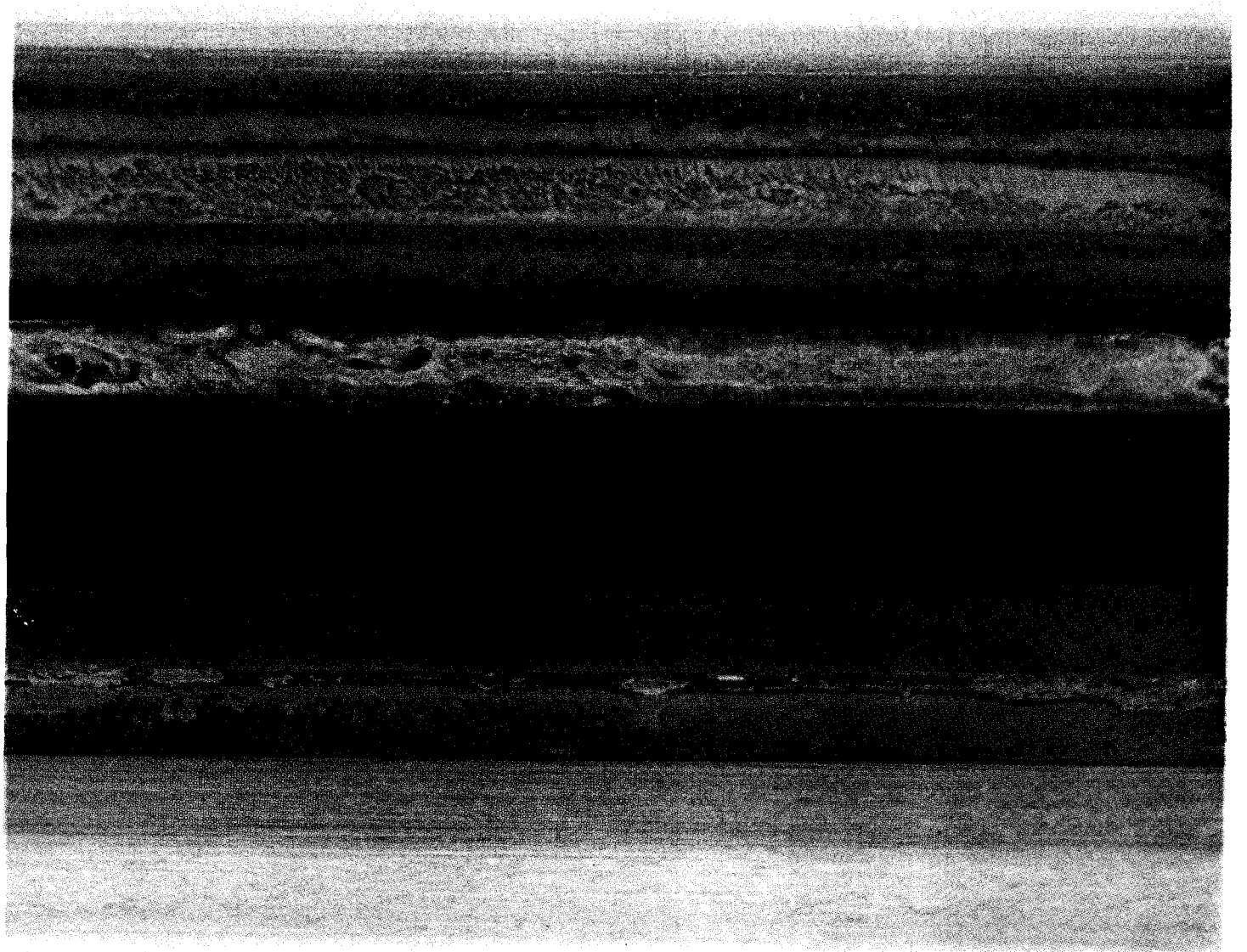

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Brothers Crying Out for More Access to Life

by ALFRED KAZIN

RAISE RACE RAYS RAZE: Essays Since 1965, by Imamu Amiri Baraka (LeRoi Jones) *(Random House, 169 pp., $5.95);* **BLACKAMERICAN LITERATURE: 1760—PRESENT, edited by Ruth Miller** *(Glencoe, 774 pp., paperback, $5.95);* **A RAP ON RACE, by Margaret Mead and James Baldwin** *(Lippincott, 256 pp., $6.95);* **IN OUR TERRIBLENESS, by Imamu Amiri Baraka (LeRoi Jones) and Fundi (Billy Abernathy)** *(Bobbs-Merrill, 165 pp., $7.95);* **DEAD PIANO, by Henry Van Dyke** *(Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 182 pp., $5.95);* **MISS MURIEL AND OTHER STORIES, by Ann Petry** *(Houghton Mifflin, 305 pp., $6.95);* **WHAT WE MUST SEE: Young Black Storytellers, edited by Orde Coombs** *(Dodd, Mead, 210 pp., $5.95);* **BLACK THEATER: A 20th Century Collection of the Work of Its Best Playwrights, edited by Lindsay Patterson** *(Dodd, Mead, 493 pp., $12.95);* **NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY, by Charles Gordone** *(Bobbs-Merrill, 115 pp., $5; paperback, $2.45);* **THIS EARTH, MY BROTHER . . . by Kofi Awoonor** *(Doubleday, 232 pp., $5.95)*

To some Black writers, there is nothing so exciting just now as Race. Or as Imamu Amiri Baraka (better known around City Hall in Newark as LeRoi Jones) puts it in the title, theme, and thrust of his "essays since 1965," *Raise Race Rays Raze.* Of course, Baraka has an insurrectionary pun there that those (more or less white) liberals who would rather buy and read books than move in on City Hall will not necessarily identify with. But to some black writers, Race and Black are the exciting, creative, uplifting terms just now. They must also be so to quite a few readers, as witness the steady outpouring of books about blacks by black, and white, scholars. The latest of these is a most useful anthology, Ruth Miller's *Blackamerican Literature: 1760–Present,* which naturally recalls many excellent writers who were not as thrilled by "race" as Imamu Amiri Baraka is now.

Race, race, race, race. Obviously it's great for morale, to judge by the beauty of Angela Davis. And it's great for oratory, exhortation, a black writer's own, declamatory, all-out, unabashed voice. Thus James Baldwin cries out, in his "rap on race" with Margaret Mead: "It is quite true, quite true—the necessity for the long view. But I have no right; my history, if you like, doesn't give me the right. . . . And whether or not I like it, I am responsible for something which is happening now." Baldwin is so gifted and even overwhelming a talker, monologist, preacher—no one around practices the old-fashioned art of spellbinding with such force—that he manages, astonishingly, to slip past Margaret Mead's friendly but obstinate questioning of his emotional position. He moves us by the sudden concreteness of his suffering. "I am not at home. I am not at home." His voice alone does it.

When Thomas Mann defined literature as the union of suffering with the instinct for form, he was thinking of the individual artist, not of a whole people's historic suffering. But to the newer black writers, who are far more "black" in every interest, theme, and gesture than James Baldwin has ever been, "black" is the sign of the people as well as of the artist, "black" is the name of the activist present, and "black" is all the politics a "black" man ever needs. By contrast, "black"

ALFRED KAZIN is the author of several volumes of social and literary criticism, among them *Contemporaries.* He also edited *Open Forum: Essays for Our Time.* Since 1963 Mr. Kazin has been Distinguished Professor of English, State University of New York at Stony Brook.

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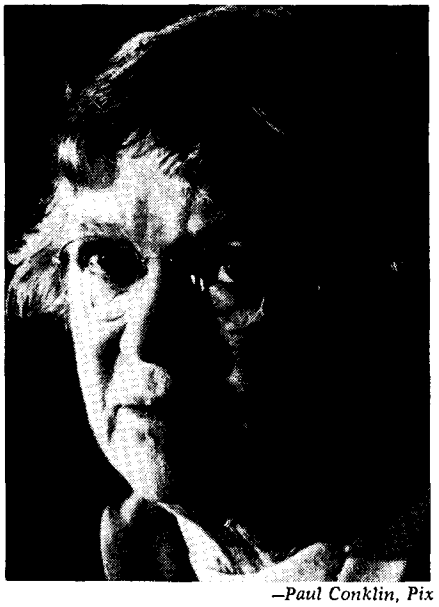
—Camera Press, Pix

JAMES BALDWIN—*"no one around practices the old-fashioned art of spellbinding with such force . . ."*



—Paul Conklin, Pix

MARGARET MEAD—*"friendly but obstinate questioning . . ."*

—Black Star

LEROI JONES—*"in the scriptural sense a lifting of the spirit for those who are black, black, black."*

to Richard Wright was the stamp of his personal experience, not the Messiah.

Both Richard Wright and James Baldwin seem old hat now to many black militants. Ralph Ellison's faith in the Western literary tradition is scorned by them with the kind of bitterness that is never found in their contemptuous, condescending references to Nixon and George Wallace. Still, given the charged-up, wholly "political," militant Black nationalism and Black esthetic of so many young black writers, the hatred of "crazy individualism," and the mystical faith in "blackness" expressed by the most quirky and talented of black writers since Baldwin, LeRoi Jones himself, isn't it interesting that Jones is the most idiosyncratic stylist of the lot, the writer with the most original and individual rhythms? Even in the two explicitly propagandistic books under review, books supposedly written to stir up his own people, Jones dreamily fuses poetry with prose, politics with religion, symbolism with invective. This is Western bourgeois elitist writing at its most luxurious and fanciful. No one since Whitman has so spread himself and indulged himself, loafing and inviting his own soul!

> . . . we pull the reins of a nation, a whole people, and were it not for this humbling weight, we wd sail meaninglessly into the firmament, too swiftly to sample the enlightening enriching scum of lower spirit higher humanistic feeling—(ideation)
>
> *(Raise Race Rays Raze)*

Our terribleness is our survival as beautiful beings, any where. Who can dig that? Any where, even flying through space like we all doing, even faced with the iceman, the abominable snowman, . . .

> Image in the street Strength in the Image Love in the bust light like time mass concealed plastic memory hurts as an ecstasy return re change re God re look perfection
>
> *(In Our Terribleness)*

These incantations resemble the lonely dithyrambs of Nietzsche's Zarathustra more than they reflect the everyday life of the black people in Newark. Jones, as a political leader, has so skillfully organized Newark blacks that *The New York Times* credits him with greater political clout in Newark than Mayor Gibson! Yet, despite the dreamy, mystic, self-communing quality of Baraka's prose, it is obvious that he addresses "his" people from on high, in the classic stance of the prophet and deliverer; he seeks to move them, to awaken them to a prouder awareness of themselves. It is all pep talk—in the scriptural sense a lifting of the spirit for those who are black, black, black. If you are outside, you may find it just a bit precious. Jones is particularly gifted as a dramatist, writes fiction cleverly but without much interest in the form, and seems less interested in books than in being a Voice, a Personality, a Leader. He is probably not so much the Lenin of Black Nationalism as its Ralph Waldo Emerson. He has to be read, but he writes in patches, like a genius in a trance.

Henry Van Dyke is one of the most brilliant and unpredictable of the younger black novelists. In *Dead Piano* he has written a short, fascinating, not altogether believable thriller about pseudo-political black terrorists invading a middle-class suburban black physician's family. This turns out to be less thriller, and perhaps was meant to be less thriller, than it is a psychological study of each single black's vulnerability. It is interesting and in a way impressive to see how little dramatic fear and excitement Mr. Van Dyke cares to get out of the invasion of the suburban world. Instead, he dwells on the tortured relations between the doctor's wife and daughter, between the doctor and his wife, between a terrorist and his girl friend. Despite the violence that is always threatening to burst out between the hapless family and the swaggering, tough-talking cats who have come to shake them down for everything they have, the relationship between the opposed groups is less one of hatred than of fear which somehow unites them all. I do not mean that Mr. Van Dyke is trying, conventionally, to establish a common identity between blacks simply because they are blacks. His mind is too independent, ironic, and even humorous for messages. He is essentially a novelist of individual character, of the hidden idiosyncrasies. His book is strange, muted, not so much a drama as an insight.

By contrast with Mr. Van Dyke and/or the majority of black novelists, Ann Petry seems old-fashioned, so surprisingly "slow" in her narrative rhythm that you wonder if the title story in *Miss Muriel and Other Stories* took place in another century. Mrs. Petry's timing is as different from most contemporary black writing as is her locale, which in the best of these leisurely

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—Willis Bell

KOFI AWOONOR—*"depths of feeling, memory, ritual that seem unrelated to activism and exhortation."*

paced stories is a small upstate New York town where a pharmacist and his family are the only Negroes. Their life centers entirely around the drugstore itself. The longest and most successful of these stories, "Miss Muriel," tells of an eccentric elderly white shoemaker in the town, Mr. Bemish, who, to the astonishment and terror of the Negro family, falls in love with Aunt Sophronia. There is no "Muriel" in the story; the title is a sad joke about an old Negro who asked for "Muriel" cigars and was sternly told that *he* would have to ask for them as "Miss Muriel." But the feeling behind the "joke" is so strong in the small, isolated black family that poor Mr. Bemish not only doesn't get Aunt Sophronia, but is driven out of town for falling in love with a black lady.

This reversal of roles is typical of Mrs. Petry's quiet, always underplayed but deeply felt sense of situation. The other stories aren't as lovingly worked out as "Miss Muriel"—which is an artful period piece that brings back a now legendary age of innocence in white-black relationships. Several stories are just tragic situations that are meant to touch you by that quality alone. A famous black drummer loses his adored wife to a pianist in his band, but the drumming must go on; a Harlem old-clothes man falls in love with the oversized statue of a dark woman he calls "Mother Africa"; a Negro teacher is unable to stand up to a gang of young students and flees town, ashamed of not having played a more heroic part; a Negro woman at a convention is insulted by a white woman, and realizes in the morning, on learning that the other woman died of a heart attack during the night, that she might have saved her. These delicate points are characteristic of Mrs. Petry's quietly firm interest in fiction as moral dilemma. Clearly, her sense of the Negro situation is still "tragic." Her stories are very far from contemporary black nationalist writing, and by no means necessarily more interesting. But they are certainly different.

The stories by new young black writers collected in *What We Must See: Young Black Storytellers*, edited by Orde Coombs, are drawn from the very depths of our present violence. Some of these stories are "black comedy," not in the glib sense used by white writers who like "absurd" situations, but in the restricted sense of blacks who are caught in situations that are somehow special to them. A black man planning suicide, perched on a ledge, finds himself looking down with contempt at a lunchtime crowd yelling up at him to jump. A priest—who of course would have to be a converted Jew—climbs out to the ledge to save the man, but they have a fierce argument, and in the confusion the priest falls to his death, whereas the black man is saved. A white evangelist who is all for blacks invites himself into a poor black tenant farmer's miserable shack, eats him out of house and home, and the next morning, on his way to the big city to proclaim the rights of blacks, is shot to death; whereupon the black farmer, who was one of the Army's best marksmen, shoots up the town himself. A half-Italian, half-black young fellow tries to get in with a gang in Harlem that robs homosexuals, and after doing the gang's bidding, realizes that he has been used and isn't wanted. Many of these stories are really anecdotes, and are about "terribleness," not in LeRoi Jones's mythic idea of black power but about everyday violence. Although interesting apprentice work, the stories finally seem limited, raw in imagination, too simple. The dramatists in Lindsay Patterson's fine compilation, *Black Theater*, do better. One of the most accomplished black dramatists we have ever had is Charles Gordone, whose *No Place to Be Somebody* (it won the 1970 Pulitzer Prize) is in this collection and has also been published separately. Gordone's play is a matted, complex work, with a wealth of white and black characters and dramatic irony.

These richly contrasting, substantial qualities in this "black-black comedy" about low life in a West Village saloon are all the more interesting because the single "voice" that takes over at the end, the voice of the bar owner, Johnny Williams, is the same altogether devastating black man's voice that one hears in the best black works of our time, from *Invisible Man* to *Nobody Knows My Name*. It is the voice of the gifted, unbearably frustrated man crying out for life, for more and more access to life. But, unlike Baldwin's vehement, self-dramatizing, and sometimes unbearable feeling of personal defeat (still!), the voice of "Johnny Williams" is altogether tough, sardonic, as full a mix of many black voices as anything LeRoi Jones asks for—but doesn't attempt himself.

This voice—impassioned, angry, resounding but, above all, clever—seems to me in style and pitch one of the great accomplishments of black writing. When such a voice is united with a full dramatic intelligence, as in *No Place to Be Somebody*, it fills your mind with the unforgettable biting rasp of human experience. Another startling example of this voice can be found in *This Earth, My Brother . . .*, by Kofi Awoonor of Ghana. Here is a remarkable elegiac novel, and one of the interesting things about it is that, coming out of Africa, this tale is so much more subtle, delicate, and literary than the "African" quality Baraka invokes in his current work.

This Earth, My Brother . . . is the story of a gifted, tragic lawyer, Amamu, who has been educated to be one of the "leaders" of his now emancipated country. But he is utterly disaffected by everything around him, has a nervous breakdown, and finally dies, on the beach, after an experience of total suffering that we see as the allegory of liberated Africa itself. The story is told both in fragments of his journal and in straight shots of Ghana today, caught between the brutality of the native police, the posturing of the leaders, and the brutal poverty of the people living constantly amid enormous dunghills.

What is fascinating to an American, for whom African literature even in English is still a new experience, is the sense of an irreversible historic tragedy united with the greatest possible subtlety in literary language. Awoonor is a writer of extraordinary delicacy, gentleness, nuance; he works with a vast range of color. The prose of the book seems utterly suffused in a kind of dreamlike sense of earth, sky, sea, without being soft. And with all its artistry, it breathes a spirit of historical satiation, of despair at the limitations of black nationalism and emancipation in Africa, that contrasts with the self-conscious vigor of American black writing just now. The public bitterness of black militancy is of course essentially optimistic. But Mr. Awoonor writes from depths of feeling, memory, ritual that seem unrelated to activism and exhortation. The book is saturated in an irony so deep that it no longer seems to belong to this world.

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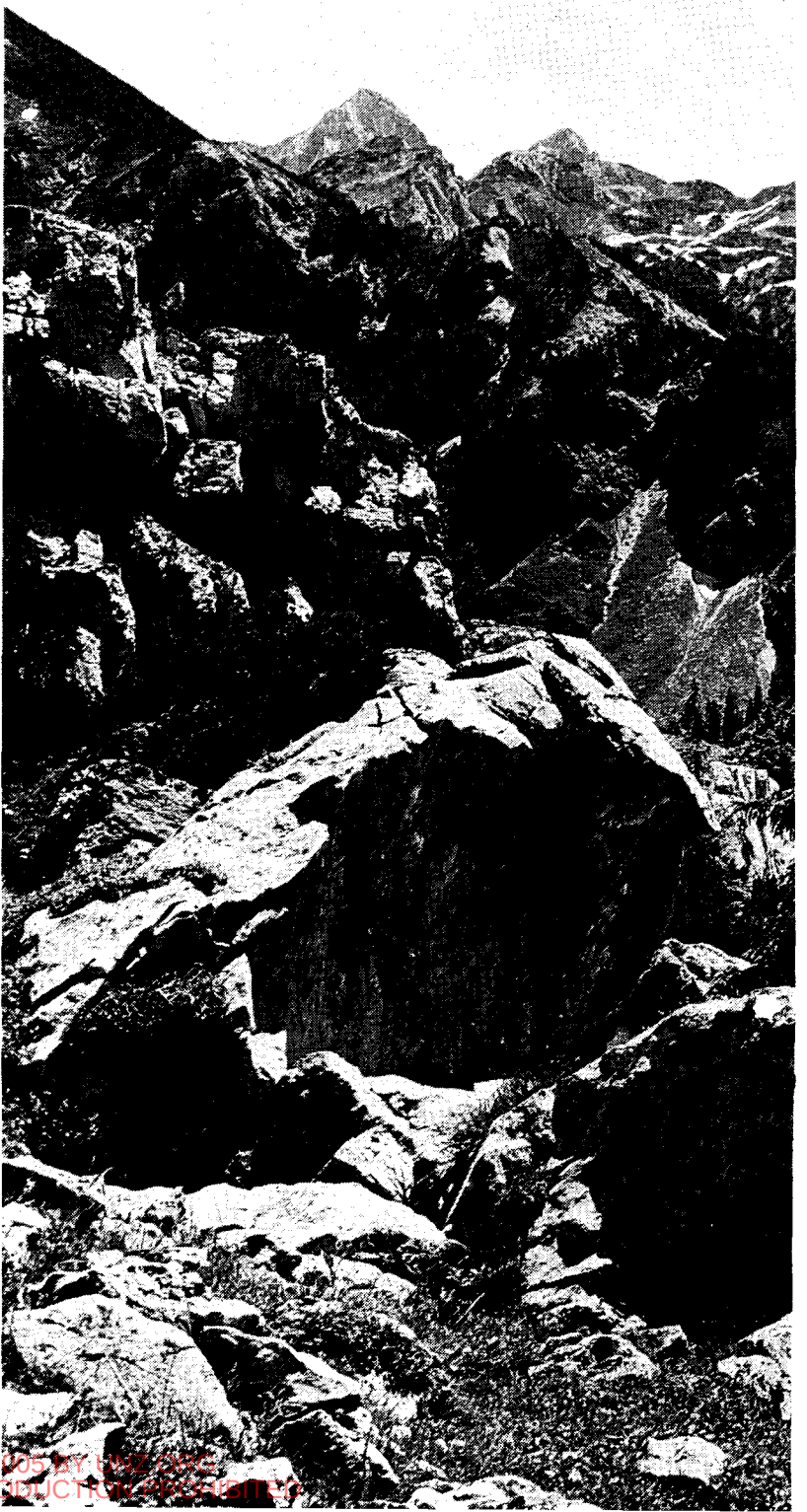

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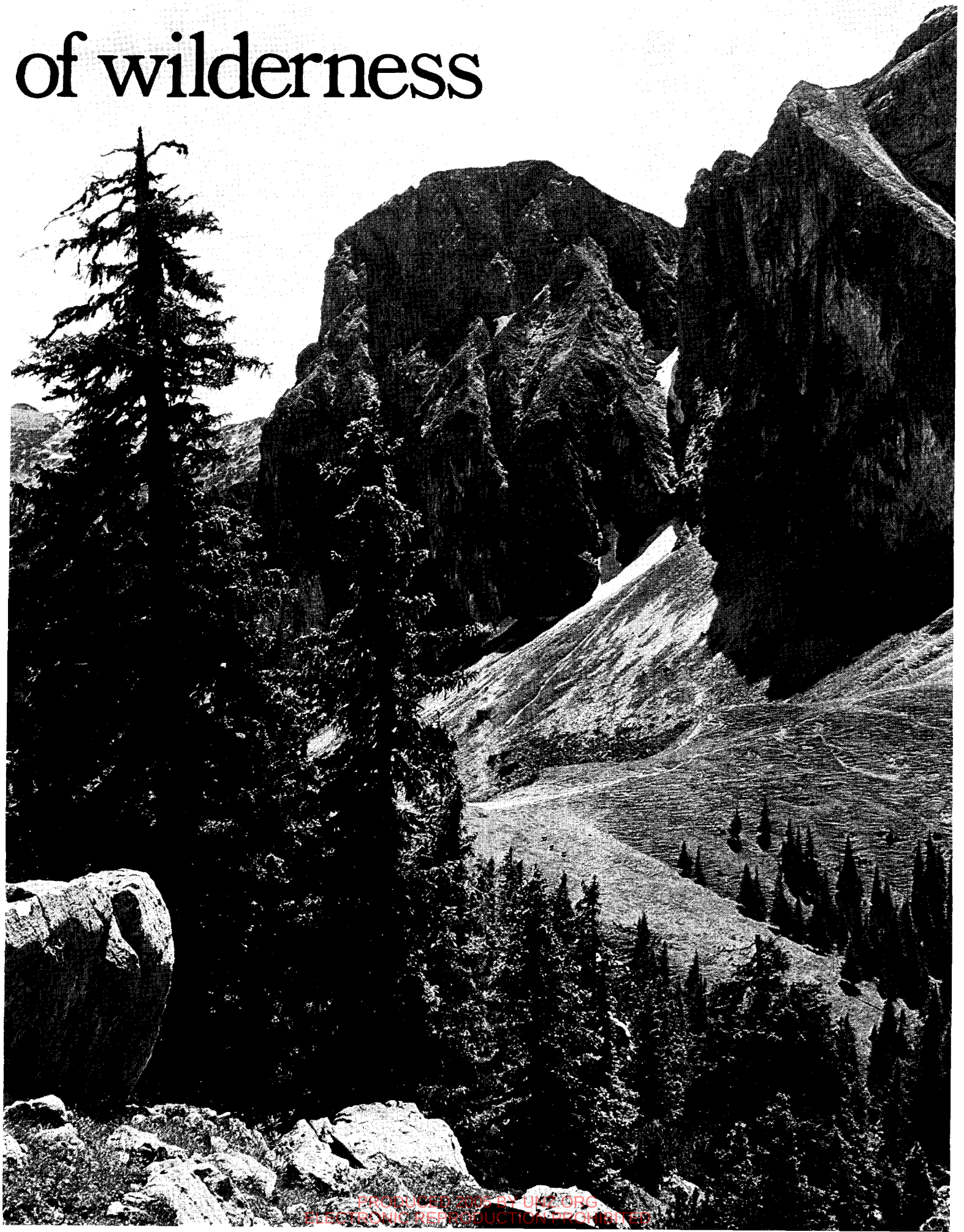

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Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Heretic or Martyr?

SPENCER POLLARD'S REVIEW misses the central theoretical importance of Marx's *Grundrisse* [*SR*, Aug. 7]. The issue between its translator, David McLellan, and Louis Althusser is whether, as the former believes, there is an essential continuity between the early and late writings of Marx or whether, as Althusser claims, there occurs an epistemological break at some point before which Marx explores Hegelian concepts, principally alienation, and after which he abandons these early exercises in self-clarification to the gnawing criticism of the mice for the scientific analysis of historical relations of production.

The *Grundrisse* provides the most extensive textual evidence against the abandonment thesis. Marx never rejected the concept of alienation (*pace* Daniel Bell, *et al*); indeed his thought is incoherent without it. Althusser has been forced on two occasions to relocate the alleged break in Marx's writings and has recently agreed that it does not occur in Marx at all but where scholars of McLellan's persuasion have claimed—between Marx and Engels.

This dispute is significant in two ways: First and obviously for Marxologists, who must determine the relation in Marx between the epistemologies which underlie his alienation critique and his analysis of history. It is evident from the *Grundrisse* that these two aspects of Marx's theory do not belong to separate periods in Marx's development but are concurrently operative. Secondly, the dispute is significant for critics of institutionalized Marxism. For example, Leszek Kolakowski, whose condemnation of the Polish Communist Party epitomized the "October" revolt against Stalinism in 1956 and led to his expulsion in 1966 from the party and in 1968 from his post at the University of Warsaw under the accusation of his Stalinist opponent Henryk Ladosz that he was no longer a Marxist. But Kolakowski rested his case on a reading of the young Marx. If the early writings ought to be dismissed as a Hegelian aberration, then Ladosz's charge is admissible. But if, as the *Grundrisse* suggests, the contradictory is true, Kolakowski is not a heretic but a martyr.

DEREK P. H. ALLEN,
Toronto, Ont.

"The Enemy"

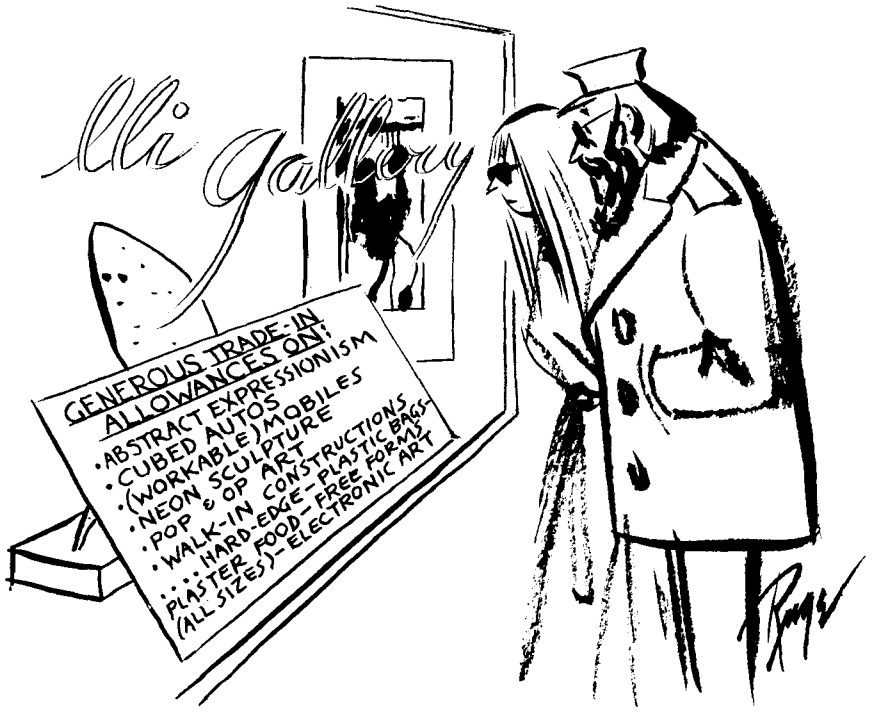
NO ONE COULD guess from Berkeley Tompkins's review of *The Enemy* [*SR*, July 3] that the book is packed with figures and statistics. The facts are indeed devastating, but Mr. Tompkins makes no attempt to challenge them. He would find this difficult for most of them are drawn from official sources.

If the book is really as bad as Mr. Tompkins thinks it is, I have succeeded in fooling a great many others whose job it is to read and judge books—not to review them but to publish them. *The Enemy*, so totally damned by Mr. Tompkins, has already been published in Britain (by Jonathan Cape) and will be issued soon in France (by Stock), in Italy (by Einaudi), in Sweden (by Raben & Sjögren), in Holland (by Meulenhoff); and negotiations are in process with publishers in half a dozen other countries. They are all long-established, responsible, even conservative—there isn't a "leftish" publisher in the lot. If these experienced firms are ready to lay out good money to obtain the rights for the book, one wonders whether Mr. Tompkins really understood what the book was all about.

Moreover, I could quote favorable comments from British journals right across the political spectrum.

The Enemy is already being used in universities in Canada and the U.S. not (as Mr. Tompkins would probably hope) as an example of how not to write a book, but as a sourcebook in courses on the nature of modern imperialism.

FELIX GREENE,
London, England



Grim Fabric of Swinburne

IT MAY BE, as Louis Untermeyer suggests in his review of Panter-Downes's *At the Pines* [*SR*, Aug. 21], that the audience for Algernon Swinburne's poetry will continue to be small. However, Mr. Untermeyer's negative conclusions about the value and nature of Swinburne's poetry are questionable.

In his best work, Swinburne tried to balance reality with the imaginable, in the manner of the landscape painter J. M. W. Turner, who was often attacked by inferior contemporaries for painting the unpaintable. The "welter of words" which Untermeyer regards as "tediously rhapsodic" is, rather, as one critic has noted, "designed diffusion." Walter Pater believed that "All art aspires to the condition of music," and Swinburne's art is more than adequate testimony to this esthetic.

Finally, Untermeyer finds that Swinburne "has little to communicate" to the young; this might be reasonable if youthful readers were merely concerned to be lulled by a facile poetic vision. The grim fabric of Swinburne's poetry may be difficult to endure for Untermeyer, who, if I recall correctly, has been engaged primarily in chronicling more traditional poets; perhaps the reviewer does not feel entirely safe in the company of Swinburne and his *éminence grise*, Watts-Dunton.

MICHAEL ANDREW FRIED,
Anaheim, Calif.

Rational Criticism

I AM DELIGHTED TO SEE such a perceptive combination of rational criticism and creative appreciation as that displayed by Albert Rothenberg in his review of John Cody's *After Great Pain* and John Evangelist Walsh's *The Hidden Life of Emily Dickinson* [*SR* Sept., 11].

While I think Rothenberg was perhaps too kind to Mr. Walsh's badly disguised anti-feminist bias, he does allow Emily to appear once again as one of the most intriguing and subtle of artists. Further knowledge of her "inner life" hopefully will enable her readers to find deeper appreciation of her talent rather than less, and Rothenberg has done a great service toward that end.

LINDA J. LEAR,
Washington, D.C.

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The Inner World Where Poets Wander

by JASCHA KESSLER

Ramon Guthrie's book-length poem *Maximum Security Ward* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $7.50) is one of those rare works that provide a perspective from which to judge other volumes of contemporary poetry. The title is Guthrie's play on Intensive Care Ward, where the poem occurs, ostensibly during the author's death and (temporary) resurrection. Utilizing loose lines, a casual tone, and rambling structure, with no straining after original forms or striking effects, Guthrie thinks through his life and times, from his youth in France (Montparnasse, the cockpit of a fighter in World War I) to his present entrapment among the "frantic bramble" of tubes, glass, and hospital bed he dubs "Broceliande." The poet plays a wizened Merlin, crying out to his love, his Muse, his Mélusine.

Taking the inventory of his life, Guthrie numbers scenes, hours, vanished friends, painters, writers, and composers; and even reconsiders prayer in the vestigial shreds that remain to a cultivated man of our century. He singles out his own private company of "Christoi" for praise—a pantheon of heroes in art and life who were courageous men and women dedicated to their own self-respect.

The book is edged with bitterness, however, for Guthrie hates life—existence—and says so. But he always knew he had to go on with it; how else could value be found? This principle is expressed in "The Making of the Bear," a poem near the end of the sequence, in which the poet takes the persona of a Stone Age artist. Finding a narrow cave mouth, the artist claws, gouges, and swims his way to a deep cavern. On a wall there—used before in the vanished eons by his forerunners—he paints a bear so well it begins to breathe, and the artist ". . . safe in his/ protection, slept."

Other parables vary this theme of reconciliation, and the whole volume embodies the wit, wisdom, and valor of a man who has reached, even exceeded, the end. Prepared now to offer us a small legacy—himself—he has earned the privilege of being prosaic, relaxed, abundant, slack. Guthrie's poetry rings as a familiar voice: only an American, one feels, could have managed this controlled, colloquial, learned, and at times exalted, indeed noble, speech.

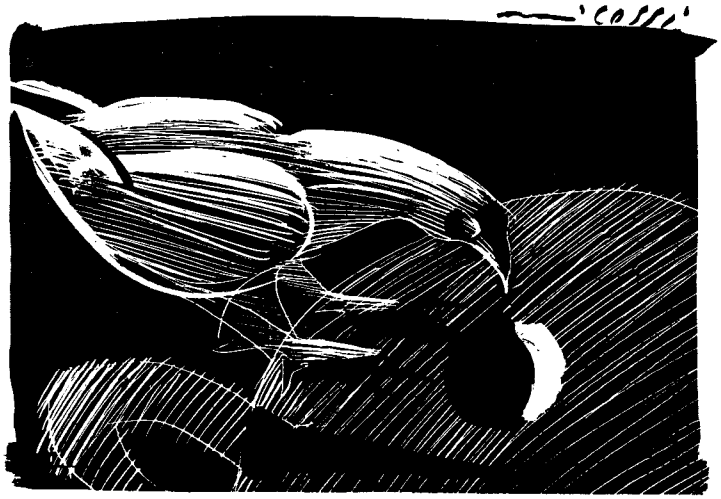
> Still the blood-flow in my veins,
> numb fingers' touch, quell thought and feeling
> in my brain.
> For now,
> surveying that churned wake, I know
> that by some slip or quirk,
> I have led a stranger's life, known with his mind,
> spoken with his tongue, kissed with his lips,
> worshipped or denied his gods . . .
> (Mix-up in cloak-room checks—sole-print perhaps)
> and now must die this death of his for him.

For me, the other really important book in this group is *Crow: From the Life and Songs of the Crow*, by Ted Hughes (Harper & Row, $5.95), a work totally at variance with Guthrie's. The poems collected here comprise a single work, but it occurs in a realm of experience altogether transpersonal, before and after the history of mankind or of Hughes, though not of the world itself. Crow itself, or Crow himself, or Crow ourselves—a totem, if you will—is imagined as the scavenger bird, devil, and clown of consciousness. I won't say, "our human consciousness," but the world known in the West (which includes our absorption of the modes of "primitive" man's thought, via anthropology). Of course, it is significant that Hughes should be so parochial; he must sound aboriginal, for any remnant of humanistic longing or hope would have to include the auras of developed societies, would have to contain some historicist or evolving ecumenicity, in which case the power of his vision could not have been focused at all. The lost landscape gives him the necessary scope to reach the unquenchable intensity of savage, demonic laughter, pain, and rage that pervades such a landscape.

Hughes's quarry, through the simulacra of cities and times, is the very self, caw caw, the idea of that self, caw caw, in the West; for him selfhood must be rooted in the ground of existence as we know it. Consciousness, or self-consciousness, he regards as the cause and effect of everything it preceives. When all has gone, Crow paradoxically is still there to know it. Which means that poetry endures, as the only form that the experience of consciousness can take. *That* is Crow. Naturally, even this concept may lapse, as we change to whatever we shall be in the (perhaps very near) future. Still, Hughes will have had the last croak—which is what he intended in this daring, magnificent assertion.

> Burning
> burning
> burning
> there was finally something
> The sun could not burn, that it had rendered
> Everything down to—a final obstacle
> Against which it raged and charred
>
> And rages and chars
>
> Limpid among the glaring furnace clinkers
> The pulsing blue tongues and the red and the yellow
> The green lickings of the conflagration
>
> Limpid and black—

(Continued on page 50)



JASCHA KESSLER, professor of English at the University of California, Los Angeles, recently published a collection of poetry, "After the Armies Have Passed."

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WITHOUT MARX OR JESUS: The New American Revolution Has Begun

by Jean-François Revel translated from the French by J. F. Bernard

Doubleday, 269 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Robert Lekachman

■ The French journalist Jean-François Revel, famous in his own country as the iconoclast who dared to criticize *Le Style du Général* at the very climax of the Gaullist mystique, here enrolls himself among the optimists about the American future. [See prepublication excerpt from *Without Marx or Jesus* in *SR*, July 24.] His affiliation seems closest to such gentle revolutionaries as John Kenneth Galbraith, who expects the educational and scientific estate to transform both the experts and the technostructure which they administer, and Charles Reich, whose "better society" is certain to arrive quite soon as the simple consequence of the spread of Consciousness III from the young to the middle-aged.

Like them, Revel perceives American society as exceptionally open to nonviolent but major change. Americans are blessed with a still vital tradition of freedom and human equality. Moreover, the governing elite is itself prey to increasing doubt about the viability of old customs and institutions. History, libertarian tradition, and advanced technology combine to equip America for revolution. The second American revolution, now in progress, builds upon the first one. It will create greater equality, a nearer approximation to social justice, and a society still more open to human yearnings than any preceding culture. Only in America (*pace* Harry Golden) can be found the simultaneous critiques of injustice, managerial waste, misused political power, cultural deficiency, and unduly oppressive civilization, which are the prerequisites of Revel's revolution.

—*Matthieu Ricard*

Jean-François Revel—among the optimists about America's future.

An old-fashioned, nonviolent type myself, I prefer my revolutions to be courteous. Accordingly, I found Revel initially ingratiating. Unhappily, the reaction passed and was superseded by spreading skepticism. To begin with, Revel vastly underestimates the durability of American conservatism. Nixon's 1968 victory and the real possibility of a 1972 repetition are sturdy testimonials to the evocative power of a powerful American tradition of inequality. The frontier obsession with individualism, competition, and legitimization of the inequalities which competition fosters remains a force capable of swaying a nostalgic electorate. The considerable section of the American elite—the wealthy and the powerful—which is also moved by such symbols is, of course, the major beneficiary of the tradition and understandably reluctant to surrender its privileges. Conservative elitists, strong in the armed services, the judiciary, the Southwest and Far West, and in the Nixon White House, might resist violently any serious attempt to transform America into an egalitarian, socialist community.

What indeed is Revel's evidence that such a serious undertaking is in progress? The revolutionaries turn out to be an exceedingly mixed bag comprising women's liberationists, Naderites, environmentalists, New Leftists, admirers of cultural revolution, and advocates of Black Power. Are these the stuff of instant revolution? Often they seem to dislike each other rather more than they do the Establishment. Many blacks oppose the ecology movement out of fear that the slower economic growth its enthusiasts might stimulate would eliminate jobs for them. Male advocates of Black Power often unfairly stigmatize women's liberation as a hobby for underemployed middle-class white women. The lifestyle and the objectives of Nader and his co-workers are at sharp variance with Consciousness III. Nader and his followers are daily engaged in making American business conform to its oft-expressed ideals of product reliability and social concern. If the consumer movement succeeds, future historians will probably treat Nader, like Franklin Roosevelt, as the savior in his generation of capitalism. Old-style radicals focus upon the maldistribution of income, wealth, and economic power. New-style radicals appear more interested in cultural freedom—sexual, occupational, temporal, and pharmaceutical.

One could readily go on, but I have no doubt said enough to convey my reluctant conviction that the ferment in which we subsist ought not to be confused with a revolutionary situation. Real revolution requires charismatic leadership and beguiling ideology. On the current scene is a motley assortment of leaders, endowed with varying degrees of charisma, and hawking social remedies based on sketchy ideology.

Nevertheless, Revel is fun to read. I for one prefer the French mode of unsupported generalization to the American tendency to overdocument obvious or trivial points. But Revel pleases rather than convinces. If it comes, revolution is likely, as in the past, to be more violent and less predictable than civilized souls like Revel may care to contemplate. Which may be why, on second thought, I'd just as soon not have a revolution.

Robert Lekachman is currently working on a study of President Nixon's economic policies.

THE NEW INDUSTRIAL STATE (Second Edition, Revised)

by John Kenneth Galbraith

Houghton Mifflin, 423 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Robert Eisner

■ There is an old gag about each year's college examinations (probably not only in economics): the questions are always the same but the answers are different. The revised edition of John Kenneth Galbraith's *The New Industrial State* differs little from the original, which appeared four years ago. Various statistics have been updated and critical references to the Nixon administration and to the Vietnam War have been added, but the new edition gives few new answers. Should there be new questions?

Galbraith's original effort had a substantial success: week after week at the top of the nonfiction best-seller lists, a second long run in paperback, translation and attention throughout the world, use in countless courses in economics and in other social sciences. And well it should have. Economists usually communicate poorly with laymen—and frequently not very well with one another. They are often intellectual prisoners of the system they endeavor to explain, hopelessly bogged down in minutiae or far off in abstractions that are difficult to relate to everyday concerns. Like Marx and

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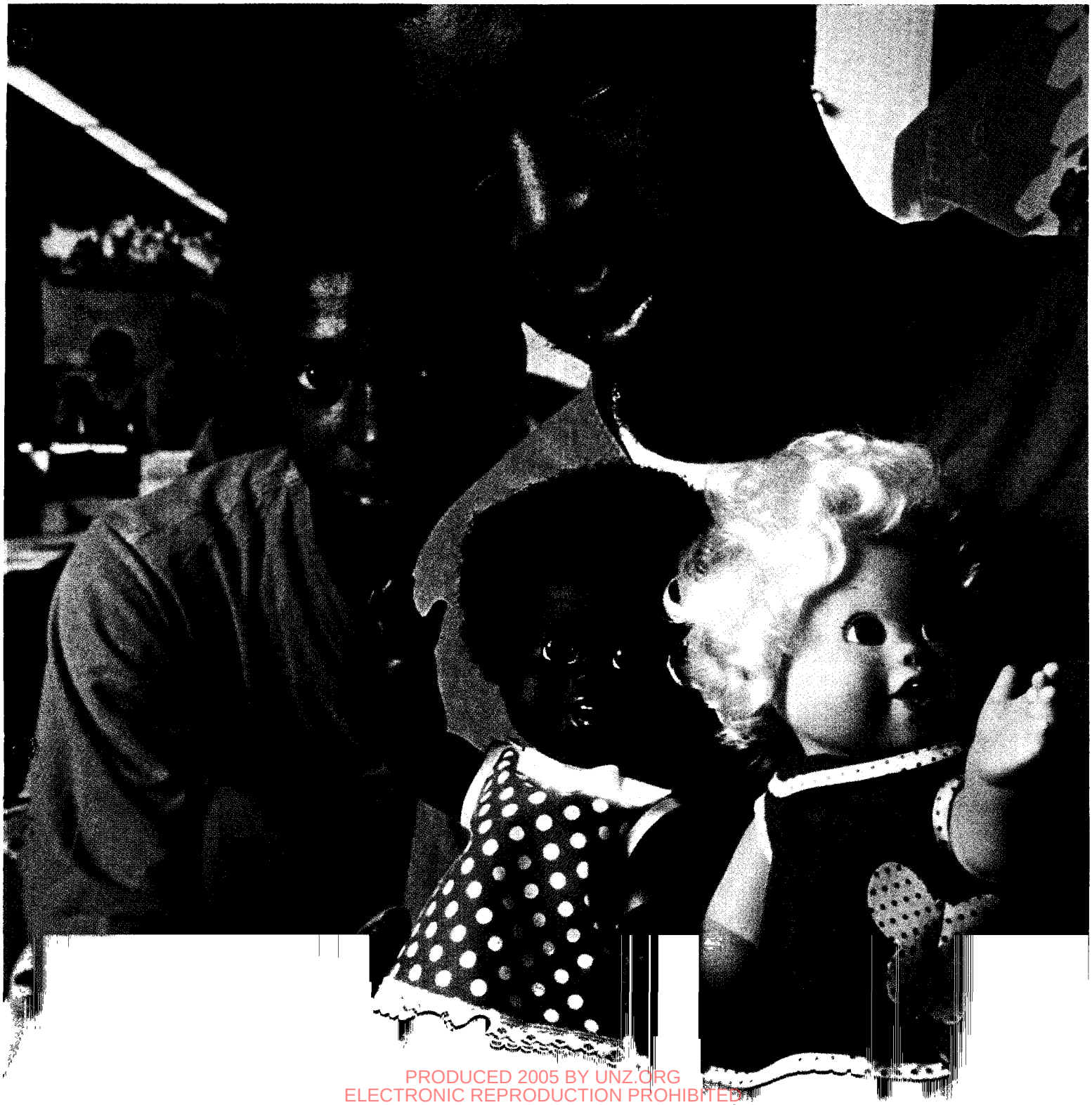

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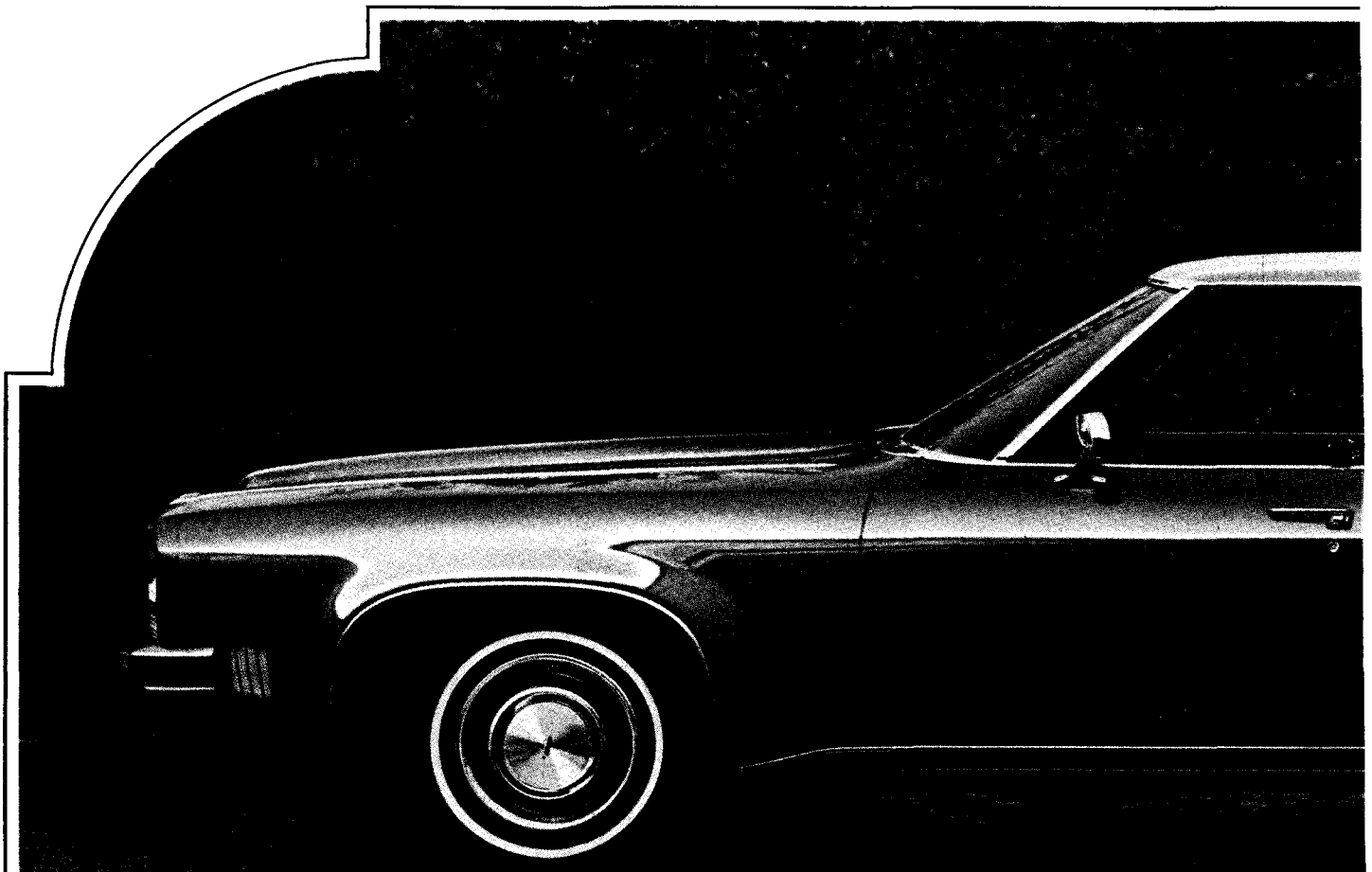

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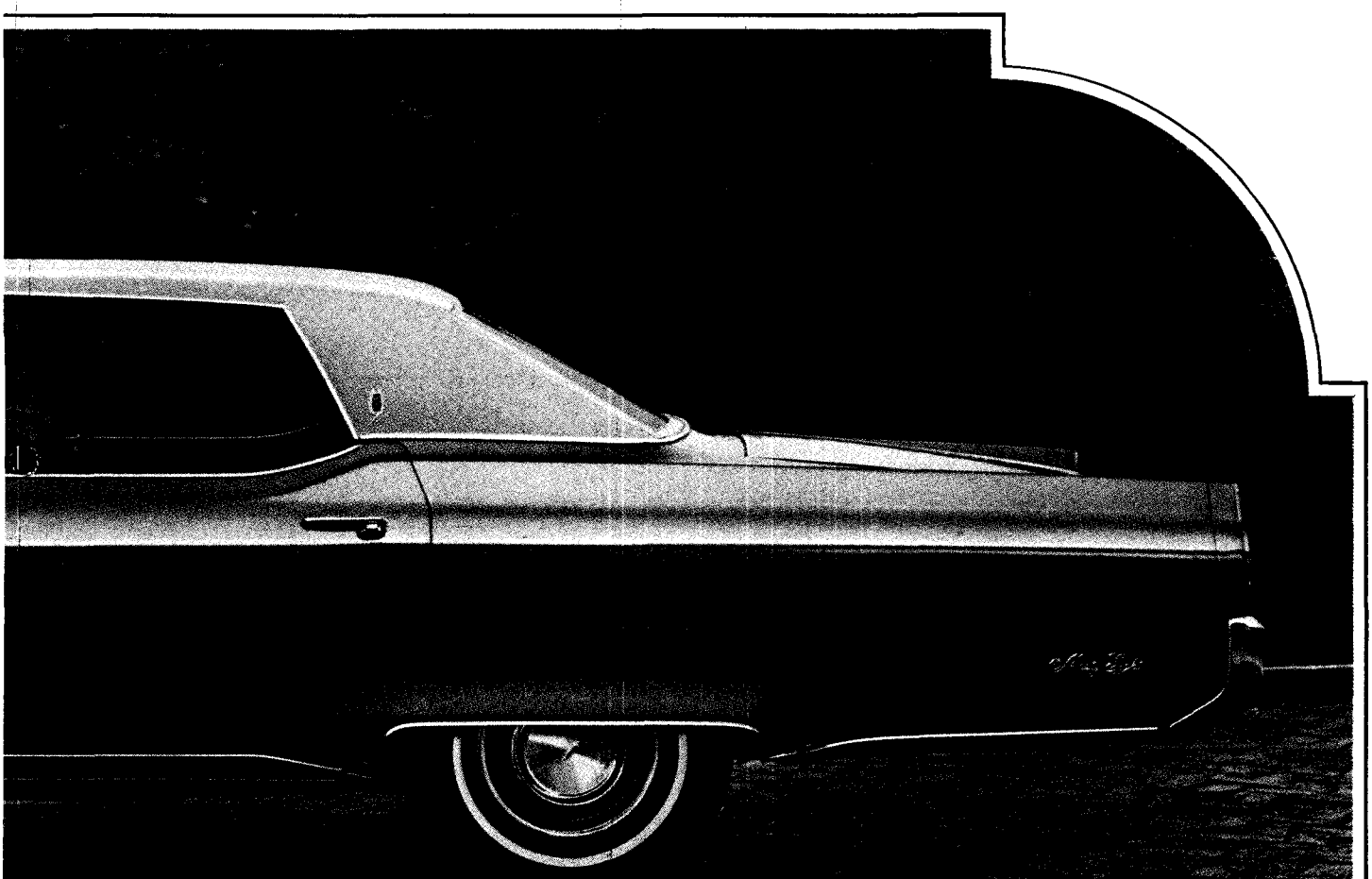

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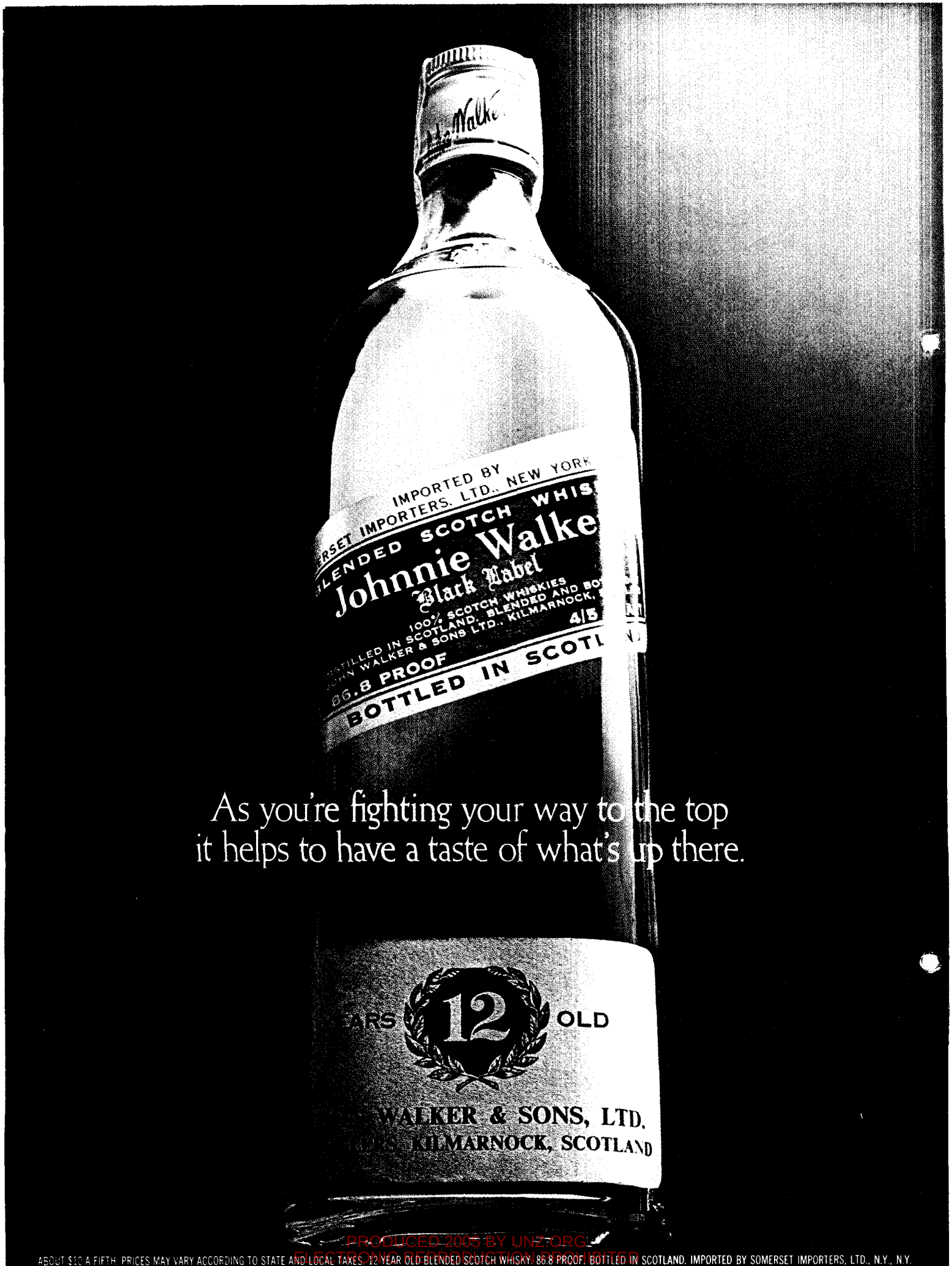

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Keynes and, more currently, Milton Friedman, Galbraith had something big to say, and he said it well.

The economy, Galbraith told us, has changed, although most economists refuse to recognize the change. And the path we have taken, unknowingly yet inevitably, makes all the difference. We are no longer a society of small, or large, entrepreneurs, blue-collar workers, and "Wisconsin farmers." It is no longer the capitalist who calls the tune, checked on occasion by a militant union or welfare-minded government. And, most important, the notion that the dominant, industrialized sector of the economy serves the consumer through the mechanism of a relatively free market is myth.

The development of modern technology, according to Galbraith, has profoundly changed the nature of the economic system. The "Accepted Sequence" by which the consumer reveals his preferences through his purchases and thus steers the economy does not now describe the most significant portion of reality. For the long-term commitment of skilled men and material, which is part of the modern process of production, requires elimination of the anarchy of market fluctuations and uncertainty that must result from the free choice of consumers. Rather, prices must be set at viable levels, and all methods of merchandising, advertising, and creation of demand, both public and private, must insure that appropriate quantities of goods are sold. In this "Revised Sequence" the large industrial firm decides what to produce, and the consumer follows its directions.

Keys to the advance of modern technology have been the tremendous investment and guaranteed demands of government—in space science, aviation, electronics, nuclear physics, and weapons. And, as with the private consumer, government demand has hardly been the free choice of the purchaser. Rather, it has been manipulated and jointly determined by the "technostructure" which has become our new ruling class. This has profound implications that go far beyond economics—to the question of our survival on this planet.

The technostructure "embraces all who bring specialized knowledge, talent, or experience to group decision-making." It runs the modern corporation and secures autonomy from those who would interfere with its pursuit of technological advance and growth in output. But, Galbraith insists, the technostructure is not the ownership and, given the necessary supply of capital, it is free from the need to maximize profit.

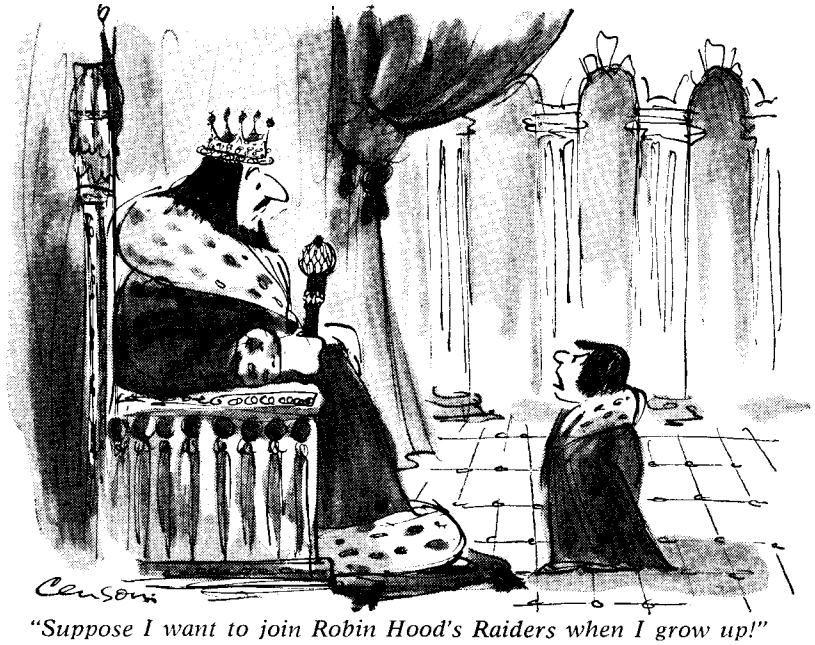
Discarding the assumption of profit maximization, Galbraith finds useless most of the conventional economic explanation of the operation of markets and prices and the justification for competitive (or imperfectly competitive) capitalism. Jettisoned, therefore, are both a major amount of economic theory and what Galbraith takes to be apologia for the system. If consumers really are exercising their free choice, and manufacturers in the pursuit of profits are merely producing what the customers want, why object to poisonous cigarettes or murderous automobiles? Or to the missiles and bombers ordered by the biggest customer of them all?

All economists recognize that anything approaching perfectly competitive markets is largely a convenient theoretical construct. Yet it is important to be reminded by Galbraith how far the system has moved, with industry after industry composed exclusively of or dominated by a few giant corporations. They clearly do much to shape our preferences for particular goods. Immune as the most sophisticated of us may think we are to the seductive wiles of Madison Avenue, the $20-billion advertising industry may well be subverting the national consciousness, establishing our goals and our values along with our tastes. And a number of us have long felt that the military-industrial complex has made a frightening mockery of the notion of a sovereign national government.

But does Galbraith go too far? Some months ago, in his capacity as president-elect of the American Economic Association, Galbraith asked me to organize for our forthcoming annual meeting a session on macroeconomic policy—relating to the problems of unemployment and inflation—and suggested that I try to obtain a distinguished and effective spokesman for wage and price controls. I insisted that I could not find one among respected economists, except for him. It may seem that Galbraith was prescient and I the stick-in-the-mud. Indeed, in a statement after the first enunciation of Nixon's new economic policy, Galbraith chided Secretary of the Treasury John Connally for remarking: "There are people in this country who call for mandatory controls on prices and wages. Dr. Galbraith is the leading disciple of this theory. This administration is committed to the opposite concept. . . ." Galbraith commented archly, "Damn it, John, prophet—not disciple," and suggested that the administration's misnamed "opposite concept" was "a long step in the right direction."

Galbraith is consistent, and he has been a prophet. The argument that prices are arbitrarily set, and inflated by large oligopolists who make use of essentially collaborative unions, comes through loud and clear in *The New Industrial State*. It is all the more pointed in the new edition. Here Galbraith remarks on "the antique market beliefs" of Nixon economists which led them to resist "direct intervention on wages and prices," and foresees with satisfaction their submission to the pressure for controls.

But in an eloquent recent contribution to the Op Ed page of *The New York Times*, Murray Rothbard declared that on August 15 fascism came to America. I winced a bit at the rhetoric, but winced more when President Nixon, in his Labor Day address to the nation, defended his wage-price freeze with an appeal to each American for "personal sacrifice" and "faith in his country." This does have a rather totalitarian ring about it (as did, I must confess, John F. Kennedy's famous "Ask not what your country can do for you; ask what you can do for your country"). Galbraith, along with many of us, com-



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plains at the clear big-business bias in Nixon's new economic policy—the huge proposed equipment tax credit to large, capital-intensive firms, the special aid for the giant automobile industry in the proposed repeal of the auto tax, the general protection for American industry in the 10 per cent import surcharge, the opportunity for large gains for profit-makers and stockholders. But what should Galbraith have expected in view of his own compelling arguments on the inextricable interweaving of the mature corporation and the State? Is the moral of all this that we should turn over more power to the government? And will democracy and justice really be served if George Meany's belated protests are heeded and tripartite boards of government, business, *and* labor set the terms of the transactions by which we work and live? I seem to recall that tripartite boards of this type were indeed the hallmark of Benito Mussolini's overhaul of the Italian economy a few decades ago.

Perhaps the economics profession and political practitioners, while heeding much of what Galbraith has been telling us, should not abandon certain well-prepared positions and insights. Virtually all that Galbraith observes in the modern economy can be explained in terms of long-run profit maximization, with due attention to the costs of risk and uncertainty as well as of obtaining information. The thirst for profits and capital gains—and fears by workers of losing their jobs—may still go far to explain the persistent and renewed drive for ever-increasing expenditures for armaments and the reluctance to abandon the hot and cold wars that justify them. But, imperfect as the mature giants of American industry have made American markets, it remains government itself—admittedly at their bidding—which has contributed mightily to these imperfections.

It was the government that most recently provided the mechanism to sustain a high-cost, inefficient operation in Lockheed which the market, however imperfect, was not ready to sustain. It is the government which arranges quotas to protect giant producers of steel and petroleum from the effective competition they might receive from abroad. It is the government that, as often as not, keeps up rates in airlines and other regulated industries, so that we enjoy neither the lower prices of "cut-throat" competition nor the rationalization which might accompany nationalization and centralization. And we had no inflation to speak of (less than 1.5 per cent per year from 1948 to 1965) until escalation of the government's venture in Southeast Asia. (This country has never in modern times known serious inflation except during war or as its immediate consequence.)

Conventional economic theorists, who may be pretty liberal or radical in their politics, do see a major role for government within the confines of our imperfectly competitive economy. There is huge investment to be undertaken in public goods, in human capital, in health, in saving our cities, and in protecting our environment and natural resources. Galbraith is certainly one with the rest of us on this, and has again been a prophet in portraying these needs. But they can be explained and justified within the framework of a competitive economy and conventional economic theory. The competitive profit-making entrepreneur does not normally have much incentive to look after the education and health of his workers; they are, properly, not his slaves and if he invests in their human capital, they can well take their capital elsewhere. Similarly, government intervention is necessary to discourage, or force compensation for, the "external diseconomies" which *competitive* producers might otherwise inflict upon the environment and all of us who live about them. That can and should be handled by proper combinations of government taxes, subsidies, and direct investment.

But this is not the path for making the new industrial state the executive committee of the economy. If that is where Galbraith's penetrating, eloquent, and witty analysis is taking us, he and we might well pause.

Robert Eisner is professor of economics at Northwestern University.

WIT TWISTER #237

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Like one of Queen Mab's __ __ __ __, the airplane came,
High soaring even as its engines died.
In silver __ __ __ __ it fell, to crash in flame
And etch that __ __ __ __ along the mountain's side.

—A. S.

(Answer on page 74)

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DEATH OF THE FOX

by George Garrett

Doubleday, 739 pp., $10

Reviewed by Adele Z. Silver

■ Sir Walter Ralegh was first tried and convicted of treason six months after Queen Elizabeth's death. The judges were carrying out orders of the new English king, James Stuart of Scotland, who was fearful and suspicious of all who had been dear to the old queen, Ralegh especially. Daring, uncompromising, a swaggering skeptical giant of a man who pressed for war against Spain, Ralegh was anathema to the cowardly, clumsy James, who was inclined to willowy, soft-eyed young men and, more piously, to Bible and the hope of peace with Catholic Spain.

The death sentence hung over Ralegh for fifteen years. During that time, shut up in relative comfort inside the Tower, he wrote ceaselessly in the pure strong English of which he had such easy command. His compositions on English government fed the growing anti-Stuart, pro-Parliamentary feeling in England, and he became, as others died off, a last reminder of the greatness of the Elizabethan age and a continuing irritant to James. Let out of the Tower to undertake a futile voyage for the king, and failing, as he had to, Ralegh was summarily retried and beheaded, spared at least the original traitor's sentence of hanging, drawing, and quartering. His brave death—one contemporary said it would have been "impossible to show more decorum, courage, and piety"—damaged the Stuart monarchy, and added a note of tragedy to Ralegh's legend, which has compelled the imagination of later generations. Ralegh is still seen as the quintessential baroque man, the epitome of the glamour, audacity, gallantry, cunning, and folly of Elizabeth's England.

George Garrett sees him so, and has vividly re-created Ralegh's life and world in *Death of the Fox*. A variety of fictional techniques — flashbacks, a chorus of successive voices, soliloquies of memory and speculation—circumvent the actual time and setting of this novel, which takes place over the last two days of Ralegh's life—October 28 and 29, 1618—first in the Tower and then at Westminster, where the trial and execution were held.

Garrett has also tried to re-create the character of the elusive Ralegh—which has tantalized historians for centuries. A. L. Rowse once wrote, "I know one is not supposed to say such things, but I believe at last I have got him," and he was too optimistic. Garrett has fared no better. Ralegh remains as hard to pin down and contradictory a genius as he was on the night before his death, when Garrett has him write: "I have always envied the man who found one single role and played it, clung and grew to it like a barnacle on a ship."

Like Ralegh, Garrett seems most comfortable playing many roles, summoning the courtier's friends and enemies, as well as strangers, one after another, to speak their parts in the drama of his life and death. This technique, which Garrett has effectively used in his stories and novels, relies on intuitive imagination and ease with the first-person voice to achieve minor miracles of versimilitude. Perhaps the best example in this book is the long monologue of a nameless sailor; reading it, you feel the hemp rope rough on your palms, hear the slow creak of timber and line, smell the bilge and salty air, see blood clotting like tar during battle on deck, and share the danger, labor, skill, and pride of an Englishman sailing under Ralegh's command.

In common with Ralegh, Garrett, who is also a poet, enjoys mingling the grotesque image with the lyrical, as in this description of King James—who must purse his lips else "the short lower jaw falls slack and loose, and behold, there lies a raw tongue, heavy enough to be served on a plate, an enormous, surprising tongue which drools a dew of spittle on his beard"—and the depiction of James's first kingly journey south into lovely England, "leaving the sharp weathers of Scotland behind, advancing, grandly, leisurely, into and against the current of an English springtime. Slowly swimming against a tide of new and fresh blossoming. . . ."

Again like his subject, Garrett is a brilliant stylist whose language is rich and by turns plangent and reedy. Now widely forgotten, Ralegh's prose once was as influential as Milton's; Garrett's has mostly attracted the notice of other writers. Both men cast an unsentimental eye at a world they find full of marvels, though they are certain it contains no justice; nor do they expect any.

Their similarities are not surprising —Garrett's Southern traditions developed from the Elizabethan—and probably account for the fascination that kept Garrett working at Ralegh for nearly twenty years. *Death of the Fox* bears the signs, bad and good, of long, loving labors: on first reading it seems too heavy with research, and the seams of reworking show, but with subsequent readings the book becomes increasingly engaging and the author's joy in subject and craft more seductive. This is a novel to be savored, with other histories and sources alongside—and all but close students of the period will need them.

More epic poem than historical novel, Garrett's idiosyncratic work is a brilliant re-creation of Elizabethan and Jacobean England, a triumph of intellect and imagination.

Adele Z. Silver, a journalist and essayist, is working on a series of studies in Tudor and Stuart history.

GRENDEL

by John Gardner

Knopf, 174 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Ruth Leslie Brown

■ At first glance, John Gardner's new novel appears to be a blow struck on behalf of the generations of English majors who have had to struggle their way through the Old English saga *Beowulf*, with its mindless, mead-swilling barbarians fending off the depredations of a man-eating monster.

Not so. Although *Grendel* recounts the first part of the story from the monster's point of view, it is much more than a literary trick. The work is in fact a prose-poem of extraordinary beauty, complexity, and virtuosity, and it unsettles the mind on nearly every page.

Here is Unferth the Scylding, who challenges Grendel to mortal combat, declaring in one breath that he will live as a hero in song and story, and in the next that "Only you and I and God will know the truth. That's inner heroism." Grendel, after contemptuously bombarding Unferth with apples, deposits him unharmed on King Hrothgar's doorstep.

Here, too, is the Shaper, the blind

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1472

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1472 will be found in the next issue.

GCFAGWGDJ DH NFJ QRKGQRU

LHX YFCJ HL IU NRXNWRPGCB

TIRUDGHCU DMFD ZHXXJ DMR

ZRWW-DH-QH.

—ZGWWGFY LRFDMRX

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1471

Just when you're beginning to think pretty well of people, you run across somebody who puts sugar on sliced tomatoes.

—WILL CUPPY

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bard whose poetry imposes pattern on the chaos of human history so eloquently that his mythic vision replaces the dreary reality even in Grendel's mind:

> I remembered the ragged men fighting each other till the snow was red slush, whining in winter, the shriek of people and animals burning, the whip-slashed oxen in the mire, the scattered battle-leavings: wolf-torn corpses, falcons fat with blood. Yet I also remembered, as if it had happened, great Scyld, of whose kingdom no trace remained, and his farsighted son, of whose greater kingdom no trace remained. And the stars overhead were alive with the promise of Hrothgar's vast power, his universal peace.

Then there is the cynical dragon, the ancient serpent, who mocks Grendel's fascination with men, his loathing for their meanness and his worship of their aspirations. "You are, so to speak, the brute existent by which they learn to define themselves," he tells Grendel. "The exile, captivity, death they shrink from—the blunt facts of their mortality, their abandonment—that's what you make them recognize, embrace! You *are* mankind, or man's condition: inseparable as the mountain climber and the mountain." Neither the hero nor the monster can exist without the other. And always in the background lurks Grendel's mother, a gray, speechless presence, powerless to avert her son's fate, though she will later avenge him.

Parts of the book are irresistibly comic, as when Grendel listens, amused and bemused, to the lucubration of scientists, politicians, theologians ("The King of the Gods is the actual entity in virtue of which the entire multiplicity of eternal objects obtains its graded relevance to each stage of concrescence.")

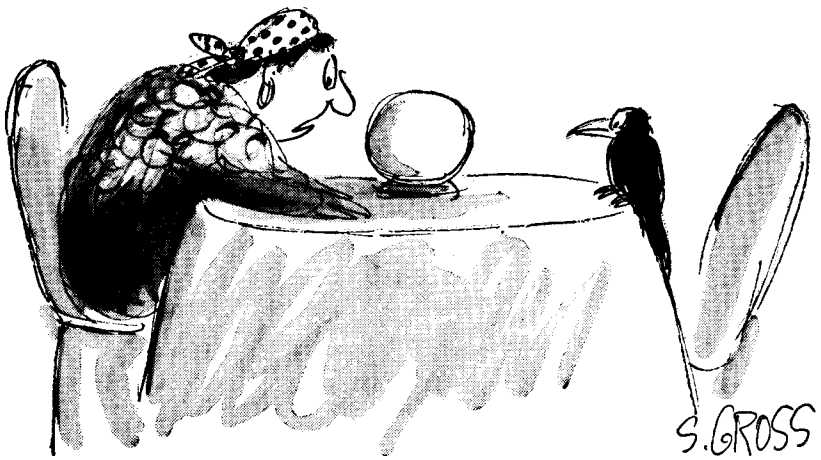
The story ends upon Grendel's fatal encounter with a young warrior—Beowulf, though not named here, who is as mad with the longing for glory as he—in a duel whose outcome the monster insists is an accident.

It is impossible to do more than hint at the richness of this short work or the splendor of its language, which at times rises to the barbaric grandeur of the original—and sometimes falls flat on its face with deliberately modern self-consciousness.

> He sings to a heavier harpsong now, old heart-string scratcher, memory scraper. Of the richest of kings made sick of soul by the scattered bones of thanes. By late afternoon the fire dies down and the column of smoke is white, no longer greasy. There will be others this year, they know; yet they hang on. The sun backs away from the world like a crab and the days grow shorter, the nights grow longer, more dark and dangerous. I smile, angry in the thickening dusk, and feast my eyes on the greatest of meadhalls, unsatisfied. . . . I listened, felt myself swept up. I knew very well that all he said was ridiculous, not light for their darkness but flattery, illusion, a vortex pulling them from sunlight to heat, a kind of midsummer burgeoning, waltz to the sickle. Yet I was swept up. "Ridiculous!" I hissed in the black of the forest. I snatched up a snake from beside my foot and whispered to it, "I knew him *when!*"

Readers accustomed to the thin gruel of contemporary naturalism may feel that the author overindulges in verbal pyrotechnics. Let us rather be reminded that the English language is still a magnificent instrument of expression. *Grendel* requires rereading not once but many times.

The thirty-six-year-old John Gardner, who teaches medieval literature at the University of Southern Illinois, has published several scholarly works on the Arthurian romances, in addition to two previous novels: *The Resurrection* (1966) and *The Wreckage of Agathon* (1970), which was widely praised. With *Grendel* he has firmly established himself as an artist of rare imagination and power.



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Poetry Quarterly

Continued from page 39

Crow's eye-pupil, in the tower of its
scorched fort.
("Crow's Last Stand")

One thinks of the book of Crow as the kind of lyric poetry that exists before bibles come to be written. Its language is grim, clear, and primitive as only a sophisticated poet can fashion. One feels that Hughes's universe, vast and microscopic at once and by turns, contains a charred and drifting world, its forms standing forever in the airless, lightless void after the big bang—bitter memories of how it was. And it wasn't very nice. Crow flies over a post-apocalyptic world, hops among its carbon thoughts (the only real shadow), telling himself the little legends of what had been, how he defied it —a guzzler of melted ice cream on an abandoned beach. Without shame, without pride, without sentiment. There is, or was, an enemy, but it would be ridiculous to say God, because God doesn't enter in. How could He? To those of us born at the right time, like Hughes, the interior landscape and history of Crow are utterly familiar.

I suspect *Crow* will be recognized as marking the end of one era and perhaps the beginning of another. Can you think of many poets who could occupy *that* place? Try.

Topography and Other Poems (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $5.95), Ruth Stone's only book since her first in 1959, is full of lovely poetry, strange but accessible even in its privacies. The poet manifests herself in a quiet voice that flows through seemingly spontaneous yet tightly woven lines—like a cold stream rushing down a Vermont hillside near an abandoned farm. In its decaying house dwells this intelligent, sensitive and, by turns, fantastic and lost woman. There a life of ill-luck and grief has been suffered, a family raised and given up. Such experience, however, has only enhanced the poet's ability to see herself and her world, and to sing of it—rewording Yeats, all the better sing for all the tatters in her mortal dress. Mrs. Stone has a great gift for expressing in music, nonsense and nursery rhymes and charms, widows' griefs and magical incantations, the whole paraphernalia of living out a life. She has a mind discriminating enough to register every grain of passion amid the textures of her world, colored by maternal sorrow, and the ability to convey in sinuous rhythms the exact words of healing wit or *esprit*. Mrs. Stone, in short, is a poet. A poem like "Seat Belt Fastened?" suggests her well; here is part of it:

Now tell me when we're passing, and
tell me when we gain.
And laugh, little children, while our
gas tank's high.
"Give thanks for desire," was all he
said.
"It'll either clear up or snow or rain."
So we tweaked his beard and we
punched his head.
Is your seat belt fastened? Do you
sleep in your bed?
If you're stuck in the river can you
shift to red?
If you're coming are you going?
If you're living are you dead?

And we drove him away where the
otters play,
Where it's twice on Sunday in the
regular way,
Where they say what they know, and
they know what they say,
And the good time's coming on yesterday.

James Welch's first book, *Riding the Earthboy 40* (World, $6.95), shows a burgeoning talent. The poet is a Blackfoot Indian, who demonstrates here what one expects from an American writer and too seldom finds: integration in English of the visions of our various peoples, without dilution or emasculation. Obviously, it's not easy for an Indian to express the secrets of his soul in the tongue of the dominant *they*. The poet's job, however, is to constantly redeem the public tongue, to speak major music in his own minor key (to mash Stevens's metaphor). And Welch is there already. His poems are alert, sorrowful, and true. For a young man he is very strong. His work also has qualities often associated with Indians: an assured tread on reality, and a stoic humor and pride that balance extremes of insight into life's cruelties: the harshness of home, the disintegration of even the remnants of a people's social life, poverty, drunkenness, and all the rest of the disasters you take for granted when you tenant-farm on the high plain and are an Indian.

If Welch stays put in his own life, I think his strengths should develop: his voice is clear, laconic, and it projects a depth in experience of landscape, people, and history that conveys a rich complexity. You realize he is not looking at a thing, but seeing into it—which is vision.

Witness the title poem:

Earthboy: so simple his name
should ring a bell for sinners.
Beneath the clowny hat, his eyes
so shot the children called him
dirt, Earthboy farmed this land
and farmed the sky with words.

The dirt is dead. Gone to seed
his rows become marker to a grave
vast as anything but dirt.
Bones should never tell a story
to a bad beginner. I ride
romantic to those words,

those foolish claim that he
was better than dirt, or rain
that bleached his cabin
white as bone. Scattered in the wind
Earthboy calls me from my dream:
Dirt is where the dreams must end.

Henry Dumas was thirty-four when he was killed in 1968 in Harlem. His *Poetry for My People* (Southern Illinois University Press, $5.95) is a handsome commemorative volume, edited by Hale Chatfield and Eugene Redmond, who offer the poems he'd finished. His work indicates that Dumas was an ambitious writer aware of the current obsessions of black poets. He seems to have been working his way through styles, dictions, and forms—trying to assemble the black heritage through its history and memories (two quite different sources of information and inspiration) and music, while maintaining a powerful ideological sweep.

But Dumas stuck close to poetry. What he wanted to say came out *through* poetry because that is what he cared for. It's as if Dumas listened long and deep to the emotional beat of his innermost speech and tried to get that down, even while running through a series of verbal and ideological experiments. No single quotation from this long book could be representative, because the editors have properly separated various kinds of poems into groups. But one lyric may suggest how Dumas managed a richness of meaning and tight economy of singing voice:

gave you my eyes
my feet
my soul
and my life
what do what what
what do want?

gave you my tongue
my heart
my veins
my voice
and all that i want
what oh what baby
what do you want?

gave you
gave you gave you
gave you
gave you
gave gave gave gave gave gave gave
and if you want
i will
give
i will give again ("Kef 141")

Finally, rather than list the merits of each of several poets who have recently brought out their own volumes, I recommend *Natural Process: An Anthology of New Black Poetry* (Hill & Wang, $5.95; paperback, $1.95), edited by Ted

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Wilentz and Tom Weatherly, as a source for a batch of writers. This collection shows a variety of minds and moods at work, and demonstrates as well the resource of languages available to black poets at this time. It can be said that just as ethnic groups must have the right to self-determination at the very least, so each poet should too. The maturation of so many kinds of poetry in America, growing from so many different places, suggests that despite our homogenization, this country's linguistic territory has expanded.

Orwell proposed a future in which we'd all be stripped to our common skins by having our vocabularies limited to Newspeak. But lately, looking especially at the poetry of "ethnics," I have come to expect that it won't happen that way—unless we first give up the holy ghost, not of language, but of the language-making argument. That is the location of the spirit, the inner world where poets wander, and where the patterns of meaning are the poems the spirit speaks.

THE HEROIC IDEAL IN AMERICAN LITERATURE

by Theodore L. Gross

Free Press, 304 pp., $9

Reviewed by Lawrence Graver

■ A title like *The Heroic Ideal in American Literature* arouses both excitement and uneasiness. The subject is provocative but intractable. Every good American writer has provided a set of pertinent texts, and rare is the American scholar who has not given them some of his fondest exegetical attention. At this point in time only an extraordinarily gifted critic could put such familiar and obstinate materials into serviceable order..

In his preface Theodore Gross, who is professor of American literature at CCNY, acknowledges the hazards of his enterprise and reviews the many problems of method and definition. To treat literary characters as symbolic of national or universal traits is to risk masking just those qualities that make them distinctive. To concentrate so heavily on one theme (the conflict between idealism and authority) is to run the danger of betraying the valued elusiveness of idiosyncratic writers. To choose *five* kinds of heroes is to court the charge of arbitrariness.

But Professor Gross offers proof that an awareness of pitfalls is no guarantee against stumbling.

The opening section deals with five major nineteenth-century writers who responded in different ways to the

(Continued on page 62)

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

A Skerry Place

WE USED TO SING a ditty out in the Scandinavian strongholds of the Midwest that went something like, "Ten thousand Swedes ran through the weeds chased by one Norwegian." I don't remember the rest, but the point there—and one you can't avoid on the other side of the Atlantic either—is that despite the geographic, sociological, and historical similarities of the Scandinavian countries, a Finn is not a Swede is not a Dane is not a Norwegian.

Each country will readily put the knock on the other, and yet I doubt that the fever really runs any hotter than it does, say, between a Minnesotan and an Iowan. Where the Scandinavians decidedly bury their differences is in that often sticky business of passing from one country to the next. You seldom encounter a border snag or a customs inspection. For all I know, it's tougher getting out of Texas.

One of the most commodious crossings over there is the ferry ride between Frederikshavn, on Jutland's northeast coast, and Gothenburg, the 350-year-old Swedish port on the other side of the Kattegat. No cattle boats, the Stena line's new ferries do the three-hour trip with all the glitter, ceremony, and comfort of a North Atlantic liner, while a rival company, Sessan, puts on precisely the same service but at different sailing times.

I expected, on a Sunday night in late summer, that the passage would at best provide an empty chair in a darkened lounge, but what I discovered after driving into the ship's yawning mouth was a floating Hilton complete with supper club and torch singer, a bar and dance band (off on Sunday), a *Roulette*n room, pinball machines, a cafeteria, a duty-free shop that seemed to be overloaded with exotic candies, and even a toy-filled nursery where little blond tykes played with a beautiful young nursemaid while their parents sat in colorful dollhouse booths drinking beer.

A lot of Swedes cross by car in the other direction so they can head south through Jutland and onto the Continent; others spend the day or weekend on the Danish beaches or drive the short distance down to Aalborg to load up on staples, the cost of living being what it is in Sweden. But the real Sybarites merely ride over and back of an evening, renting staterooms to complete the lark.

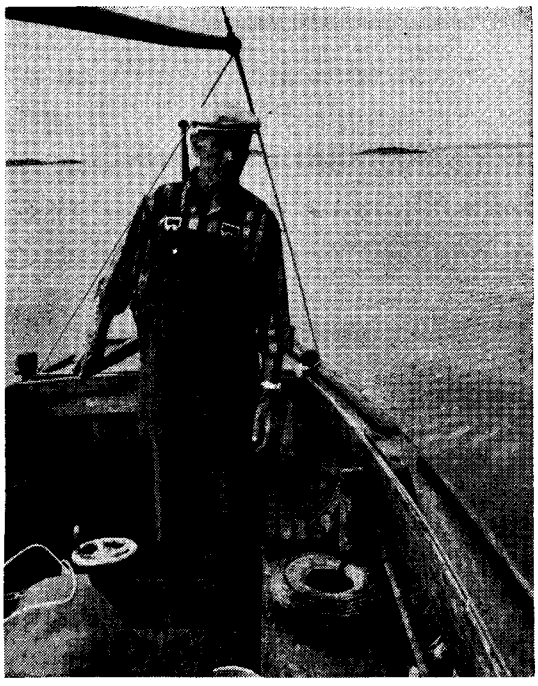
Summer vacationers to Sweden's West Coast use Gothenburg as a shoving off place to either the beach resorts south of the city or the rocky fishing villages north toward the Norwegian border. Well before crossing from Denmark and on the ferry itself, I had polled at least a dozen people on the advisability of going north or south, and though the vote was split rather evenly, the more persuasive voices urged me northward. They had a good point: You can see beaches anywhere, but Bohuslän—a province of skerries and accessible sea above Gothenburg—is a special place.

So I headed north one morning, opting for the scenic and circuitous route instead of the E6 highway that dashes straight up to Oslo. From the slower two-lane road you catch passing tableaux of simple Swedish coastal life: Kungälv with its frame houses pushing right up to the roadside; a woman knitting on a chair in her front yard; another pruning a bush; out in the country, silvery milk cans on wooden stands waiting to be picked up, and everywhere mounds of rock resembling huge, moss-backed turtles.

At Ellös I took the first of two ferries, mere tadpoles next to the Stena whale from Denmark. There was room for a dozen cars, a few cyclists, and two boxes of fresh pastry from the Ellös Bageri. The day was gray and threatening—otherwise the little polished skerries we passed would have held picnickers and sunbathers, not just water birds. The second ferry left from Fiskebäckskil, a village of red-roofed huts backed by a black windmill on a hill.

Lunch was at Lysekil, one of the main resort towns on the West Coast but a place hardly crawling with tourists. "How many Americans have you seen this summer?" I asked a Lysekil lady over a plate of herring (three kinds) and slices of the flat, sweet

(Continued on page 57)



—Photos, Mark Chester, ASCAP

Anders Olavsson has spent a lifetime in Sweden's western archipelago; Smögen (right) may be its loveliest little port.

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1935. First airline to fly the Pacific.
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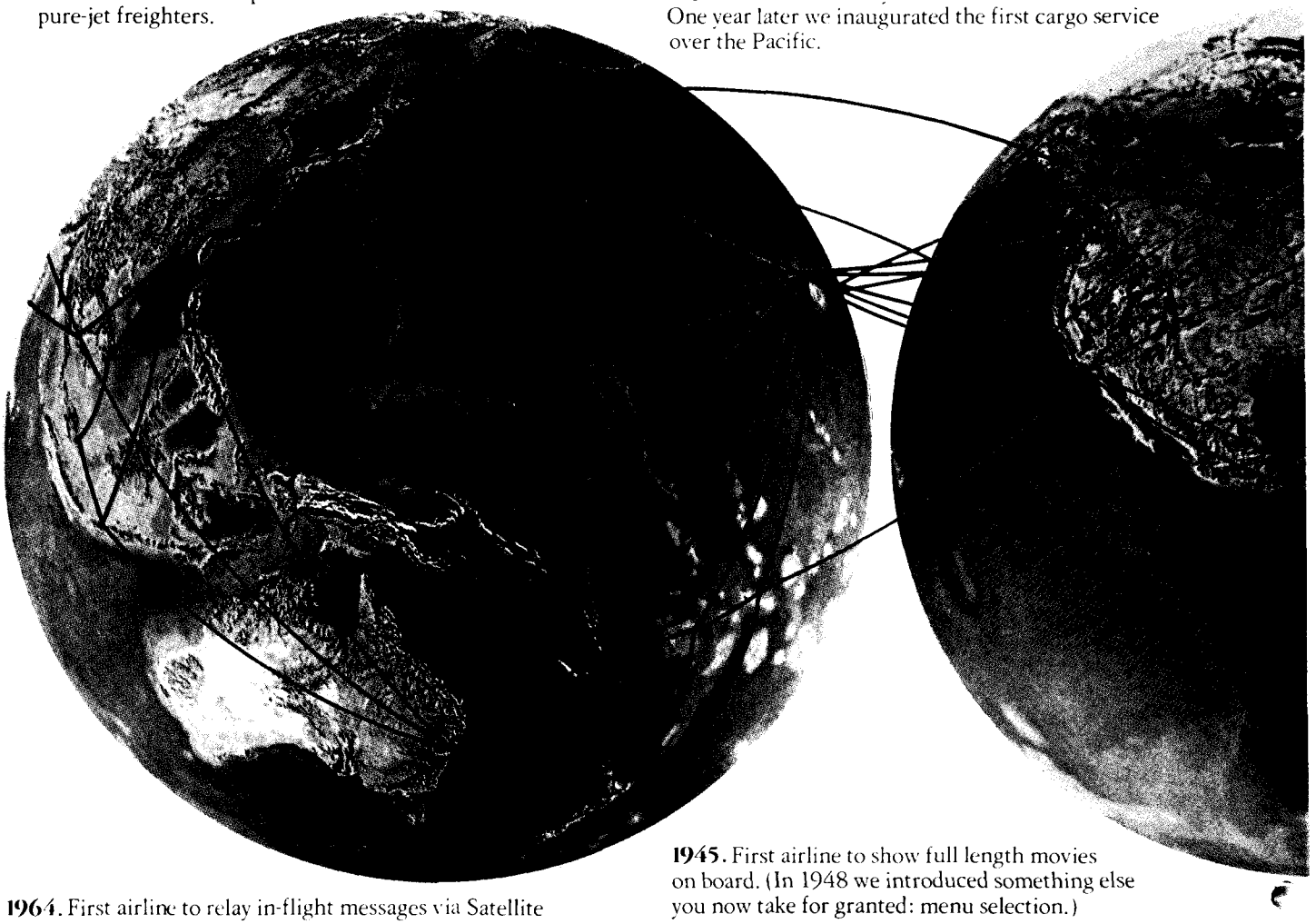

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1947-48. First airline to build hotels in foreign countries to insure adequate accommodations for air travelers, and first airline to provide regularly scheduled low-cost tourist service anywhere in the world.

1959-61. First airline to provide round-the-world jet service; first airline to offer worldwide marketing service for shippers and importers.

1951. First airline to publish a comprehensive international guide. ("New Horizons* World Guide," most popular travel guide ever published.)

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done all this, but they didn't.

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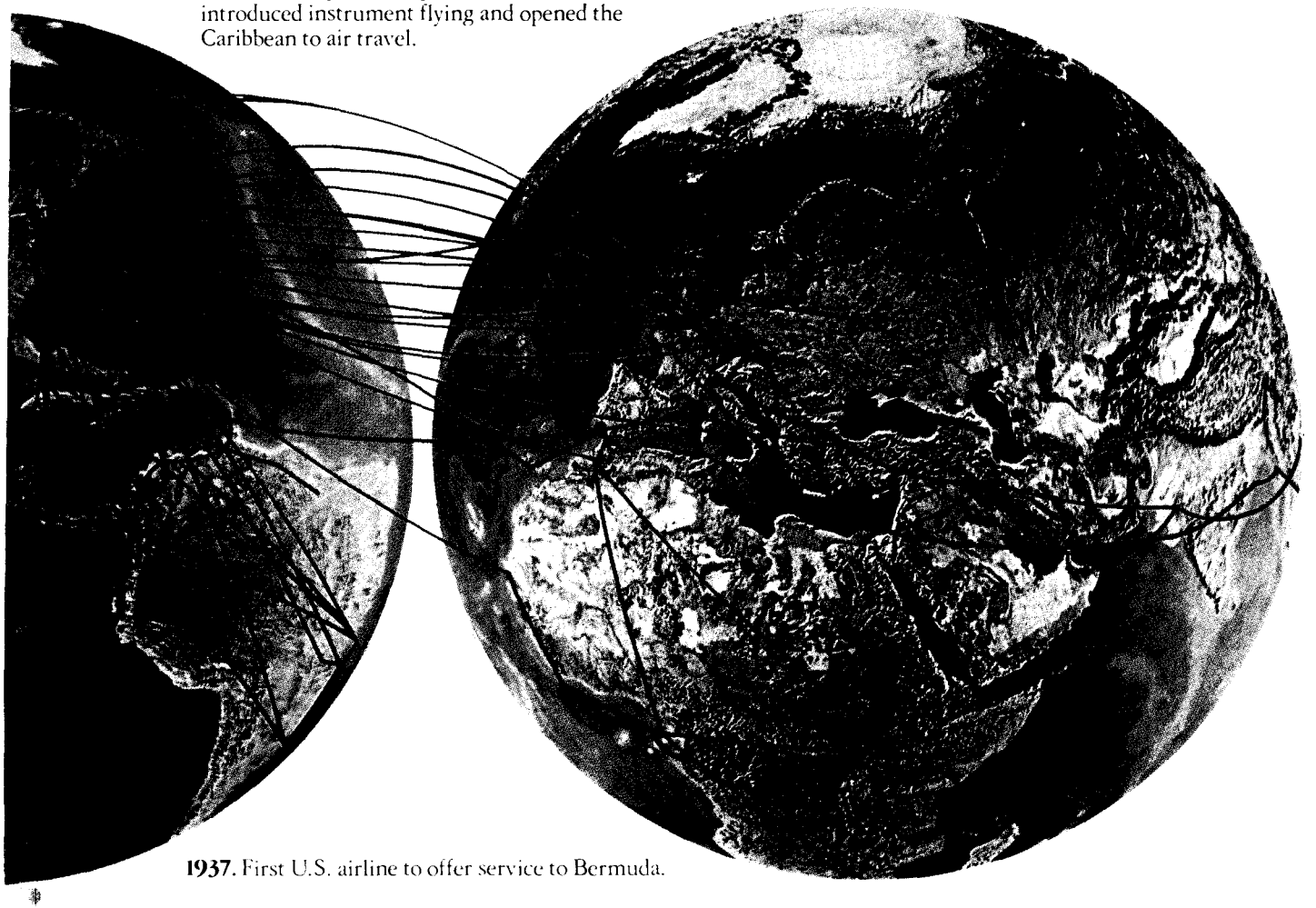

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(the rumor)

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We'd appreciate it."

Edward Gelsthorpe

Edward Gelsthorpe
President of
Hunt-Wesson Foods

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(Continued from page 52)

black bread, *kavring*. "Just you," she said. "Everybody else takes the E6 to Oslo. The French do it, too."

You begin to get the idea the first day up the coast that this indeed is not the bare-it-all, permissive land the all-American boy dreams of. Swedes, if I may get into that Scandinavian game of generalities mentioned at the outset, can be very dignified, cover-up people. Down by the water, the Lysekil lady showed me a handsome twin-towered frame building left over from the Oskarian period around the turn of the century when the West Coast resorts attracted only the most proper Swedes. Inside, above the stage where concerts are played on summer evenings, stood a bust of Oskar himself, grandson of King Gustav VI. Still remaining from those times is the seafront swimming pool with separate sides for men and women. On the men's side of the high wooden wall I found a single bather and an attendant. A boardwalk surrounded the natural pool with steps leading into the green, weedy water. Someone told me that the little boys of Lysekil—bless their post-Oskarian souls—like to climb up on the rose-colored rocks above the women's pool and have a look. Bathing, though segregated, is nude.

Strongly advised to visit an out-of-the-way fishing village called Smögen, I followed a peninsula and a long bridge north of Lysekil and, as the sun broke through, pulled up to a picture-book harbor. A winding boardwalk, no more than fifteen feet wide, follows the water for hundreds of yards, with fishing boats on one side and tiny houses and shops lining the other. As the clouds vanished and a 65-degree sun splashed the boardwalk and broad mounds of rocks, the fishermen, shopkeepers, boaters (one in from Germany), and strolling tourists all seemed to come alive.

It occurred to me, as I weighed another generalization, that Scandinavian kids are seldom heard squalling, crying, or complaining in public. Of course, just then a little blond boy approached on the boardwalk, his tiny clogs in hand, wailing like a pack of gulls. His parents let him cry, though, and within moments he had stopped.

North by the archipelago, I reached the town of Strömstad in late afternoon. Though a resort center since the eighteenth century, Strömstad has only one or two hotels—scarcely in the grand class. Outsiders stay in rented cottages, trailer camps, or in spare rooms the townsfolk let out. I moved into the back bedroom of an elderly couple's home on a hill above the harbor. Two can live in such an accommodation for about $6, not exactly in line with inflationary Swedish rates. Other than showing me the bathroom, the couple kept out of sight. Respectful people, the Swedes. Or aloof?

—*Mark Chester, ASCAP*

Their hand lines don't show, but these Swedish anglers are waiting for cod.

Strömstad also harks back to the Oskarian period with an ornate frame mansion, Skagerack, on the harbor behind a quiet park. Once it was a social gathering spot for the summering rich; now it is a restaurant and dance hall owned and run by Ralph and Barbro Olsson, who were born not too long after Oskar's day and still preserve a trace of the old mood. We sat on the long porch by the windows and attacked a towering display of fresh prawns—a seasonal passion on the West Coast—with shots of the southern Swedish schnapps called Skåne.

"In those days," the attractive Mrs. Olsson said of Strömstad's pre-1920s glory, "this place was for what was called the Upper Ten. People brought their daughters to find the proper husband. Oskar danced here. And the children of the lower class were not allowed near this home or the park." She added that Strömstad still maintains separate swimming pools and until five years ago bathers had to suit up.

Next morning, with the sun shining through a pale blue mist, I accompanied the Olssons on a leisurely, puttering boat ride through the skerries. We hired a small fishing boat, though a regular small ferry leaves Strömstad every half-hour and deposits people among the rocks and sandy coves. There were human forms occupying nearly every crack and corner of the near islets, but as we passed the last large beach and nosed westward, we found the outcroppings of granite covered only with yellow flowers and moss. Mrs. Olsson was beside herself, taking in great draughts of the sweet and salty air.

The skipper running the little outboard was Anders Olavsson, a sixty-eight-year-old retired shrimper who now lives off the $3 an hour he charges to take people out among the skerries. His weathered face showed the same character—and impassiveness—of the noble gray rocks. His young grandsons, Rolf and Tore, sat quietly beside him at the tiller.

Well out from Strömstad, Olavsson spotted some seals playing in the water. We buzzed one several times and moved on. The local seal colony has been protected by law in recent years to increase their number. From May to July, when the pups are in an impressionable and formative stage, boatmen are warned to steer clear altogether.

We stopped on the island of Ursholmen, the westernmost spot in Sweden, and lay down a picnic among the rocks and wild flowers. In the distance you could see the outline of the Norwegian coast. When Olavsson the fisherman picked us up after lunch, he had put on a gray jacket over his shirt and added a hat. As I stripped my shirt to catch the sun, Mrs. Olsson explained that the local fishermen bare as little of their skin as possible.

Cod (or *torsk*) is the main fish of the skerries, and we went after it with the little wooden hand reels the Swedes and Norwegians use instead of poles. You drop the line to the bottom and then jerk it back and forth till a cod comes up. It is a comical sight to look across the water and see a pair of cod fishermen standing in their boat seemingly waving at nothing.

Later, back home, I was trying to describe the sound of the little boat—the same kind used up the coast in Norway—to a Norwegian friend, and the best I could do was the American "putt-putt-putt."

"Oh, no, we have our own sound. We say tøff-tøff-tøff."

Now once again, after me.

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Osprey with fish.

Photography

Margaret R. Weiss

Eliot Porter: Conservationist with a Camera

AS A BOARD MEMBER of the Sierra Club, photographer Eliot Porter is pledged to the preservation of "the untrammeled tenth of America"—the forests, canyons, and rivers, the wildlands and wildlife that give our terrain its rich diversity of texture, color, and contour. To supply visual testimony in support of this thesis, he has devoted the past thirty years to recording sites as yet unscathed but ever threatened by man-managed inroads.

While earlier camera exposures of the American landscape stemmed in the main from geological surveys and industrial documentation, Porter's forays have been motivated primarily by a nature-lover's concern for conservation and a photographer's quest for beauty and design in the natural environment. Both of these motivations surfaced at an early age. A gift of a Brownie box camera and his father's decision to buy Great Spruce Head Island in Maine coincided in 1912, when Porter was ten years old. That first summer of foot-and-lens exploration charted the path and the pattern of his future professional interests. His study of birds' nests, gulls, crabs, starfish, shells, sea anemones, and coral-like algae gave him much more than an enviable mini-museum of marine biology. As he recalls it, "a deep feeling for nature began to grow in me, a feeling that was to affect the whole course of my life."

Since his venturesome viewfinding soon outdistanced Brownie capabilities, his allowance savings went for a more advanced camera, as well as for a basement darkroom setup. Not long after, handsome prizewinning shots of ospreys and blue herons followed. But as schoolwork made increased demands, camera activity waned and finally ceased during his years at college and Harvard Medical School.

Resuming his hobby thereafter, and with a new Leica in hand, Porter began photographing leaf patterns, details of bridges, splashing water—subjects that he hesitantly showed to Ansel Adams and Alfred Stieglitz. Both were "encouraging," but the latter remained "noncommittal" until 1939 when he pronounced Porter's work ready for a major show at his New York gallery. The critical response was impressive, and the result was inevitable: Porter resigned his teaching post at Harvard and left medical research to other hands.

With the exception of the World War II period that he spent at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology radiation laboratory, photography and the useful purposes it can serve in increasing public awareness of conservation issues have been his full-time pursuits. Making Santa Fe his home since 1946, he has carried his camera and countless packs of Kodachrome to the depths of Baja California, into the Carolina swamplands and Florida's Everglades, across the Great Smokies and into the Appalachians and Adirondacks, through Thoreau's New England to the summer islands of Penobscot Bay, and into the secret corners of Glen Canyon, now lost forever in the dammed waters of the Colorado Storage Project.

There were trips to the remote coverts of the Galápagos Islands, to Greece, and to East Africa. But every spring he may be found "anywhere from Arizona to Maine, from Minnesota to Florida" photographing native birds in color—the area of specialization that brought him a pair of Guggenheim Fellowships and that he still regards as the most challenging of all nature subjects.

Some of the pictorial record of these wanderings has been exhibited on walls as diverse as those of the Art Institute of Chicago and the New York Zoological Society and is represented in the collections of the Museum of Modern Art, the Smithsonian Institution, and the George Eastman House. (On October 7, Porter will present a slide-lecture in New York University's "Concerned Photographer" series, and his current show highlighting the colorful wilds of the Eastern Seaboard area will be on view at the Neikrug Galleries in New York until October 24—with plans for a tour schedule in the making.)

It is not accidental that Porter's work holds appeal for both art and science audiences. Blending a spirit of inquiry with a sense of wonder, his approach is born of a conviction that the proper study of man is nature—with its dynamism of orderly change and its full spectrum of animate and inanimate forms. What remains of the natural landscape deserves careful inventory and respectful treatment. Eliot Porter's lens is capable of both. With his eloquent exposures he reminds us that "the oxygen we breathe, the fossil fuels we burn, the plant and animal food we harvest, the soils we cultivate—the survival of the delicate fabric of interdependent life—is important to man's survival."

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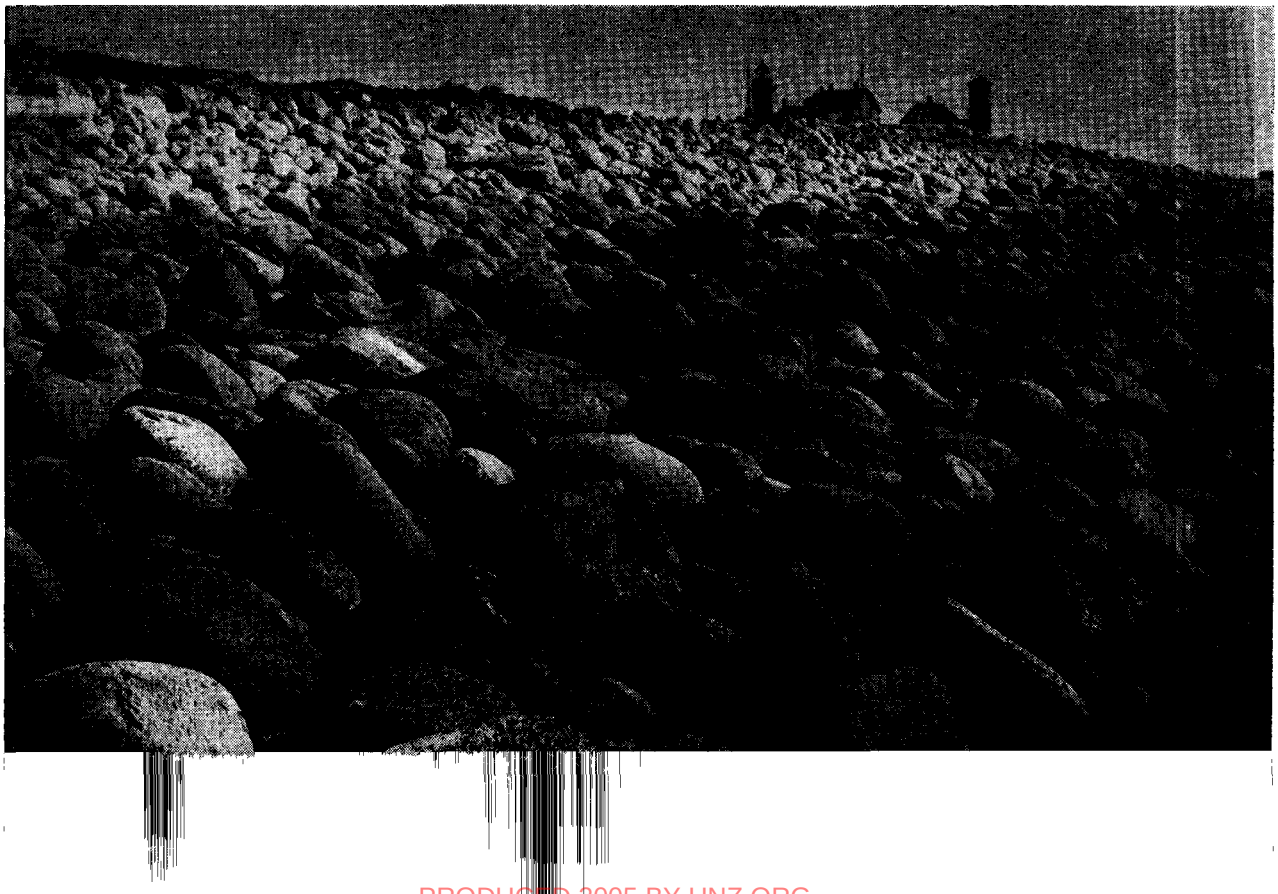
Double-crested cormorants.

Photographs by Eliot Porter
from "Summer Island" (Sierra Club)

Lighthouse, Manitou Rock.



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Design

Continued from page 25

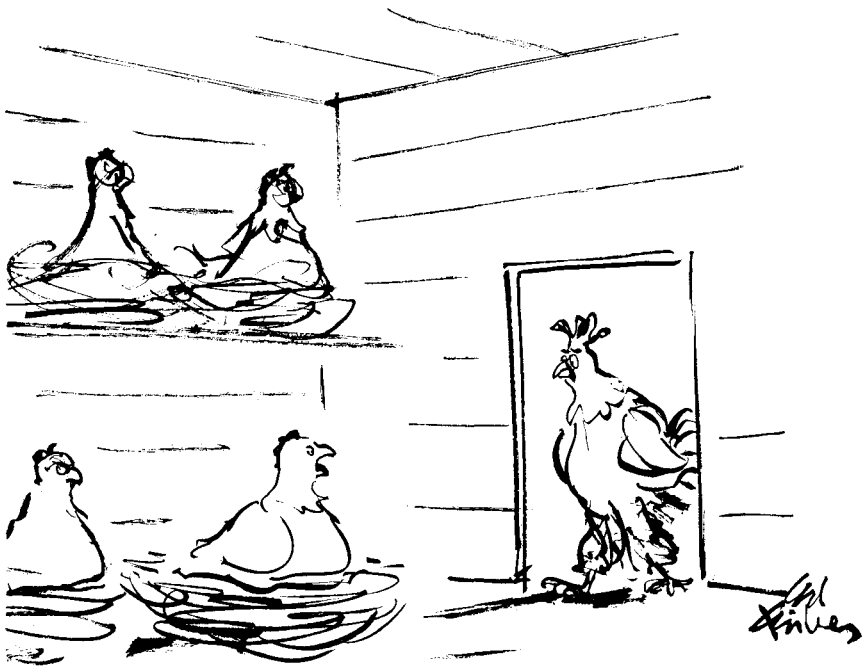
velopment chain concerned with the needs of the user, and if he has no way of establishing contact with him, how does he design? For whom, in reality, does he design? The answer obviously depends to some extent on the designer. If he is the docile hack so prized by corporate management, he designs for the sales department or whoever can turn on the pressure. If he has a strong feeling of professional responsibility, he designs for himself. He designs for himself, not in a spirit of arrogance, but because he has to design for someone real and he is the only one around. He could, of course, try the recipes of the marketeers, count noses, read the questionnaires, goggle at the "consumer profiles," as many of us have done. But the drilling rigs of market research don't really come up with much. Someone contacts a group of pseudo-customers and asks questions. The pseudo-customers, knowing it's all a game, come up with pseudo-answers. Life in this high-priced swamp seems to move around sluggishly behind Berlin walls, while communication, once a natural expression of real relationships, withers away. The only move left is to mount a massive advertising campaign and hit the consumers so hard that they finally buy what market research said they would buy because that's what the advertising tells them to do.

The responsible designer uses himself and everyone he can get to through himself. Thus, in the act of setting himself up as a model of common humanity, the designer becomes involved with people. He has to learn to sense their needs, attitudes, problems. He has to try to figure out what is real and what is not. He has to learn what is common to people and what is special. He becomes, in a word, human, because he has no other choice if he is to get on with his work.

Thus, we come to a series of unconscious, involuntary acts played out in time. The craftsman, immersed in people, materials, and processes, is displaced by an implacable technical materialism. The engineer embraces technology, releasing new energies of tremendous power, but he misses the point of what he is doing and becomes a force for dehumanization. The architect, excited by the implications of a new esthetic in the works of the engineers, created what we have come to identify as modern architecture; but in so doing he undermined his traditional role. The essence of contemporary building design is that it is modular, standardized, and fairly anonymous. It was Gropius, I think, who pointed out that the office skyscraper, while it still looks like "architecture" in the traditional sense, is in reality about 80 per cent an assembly of prefabricated parts. Inevitably, the move toward the production of building components in factories is accelerated in all areas. Under these conditions the role of the architect naturally comes into question, for these assemblies, much like the old prefabricated barns, can often be put together without his participation.

I am aware that these statements are exaggerations. The world is full of architects who are busier than beavers creating custom-designed buildings. But that cloud on the horizon is already larger than a man's hand. In any event, even if we fail to note the fast-growing role of industry in the production of shelter, we collide with the fact that the individual building has limitations that become more and more conspicuous in the urban environment, which, as it moves gradually toward control through planning and large-scale design, tends to demand solutions that spread way out beyond the limits of the isolated building. Those architects whose view is strictly Establishment (an overwhelming majority) find both the threat of a sophisticated building industry and the demands of broad environmental planning extremely upsetting. Until recently, the response to these challenges has been a decision to ignore them. Once they are confronted, however, the architect will not be "eliminated," for his skills make him a very useful citizen. His problem is self-transformation rather than survival. But whatever the success of these efforts, he has already lost the role of key designer; as a traditional architect, he has nothing to contribute but more of the same. Since the industrial designer is the latest figure on the scene, one naturally wonders about his ability to pick up the torch and run with it. There is certainly evidence that he has deposed the architect in a number of areas where small buildings are to be repeated in hundreds of locations. The new gas stations on the drawing boards of several of the major oil companies are largely in the hands of industrial designers. The chain stores, when they want to make a conspicuous change in their standard models, turn to the designers. Nonetheless, it is hard to view the members of this group as the stars in the drama of design, technology, and the pursuit of beauty or ugliness. The scope of their work is too small, and the tendency to further the expansion of an already-swollen consumerism is too strong. The real problems today are very large ones: suburban and roadside sprawl, mass transportation, dying central cities, mutilated environments, both natural and synthetic. Nevertheless, some of the personal and professional insights that have emerged from the designer's own working situation are unique and potentially invaluable.

We have already examined the role of the industrial designer as an involuntary bridge-builder between humanity and technology. Now, assuming that he has both conscience and consciousness, we can see him being drawn into a difficult confrontation with himself. The majority of the profession, on the evidence of published



"Where were you? Dawn came up hours ago!"

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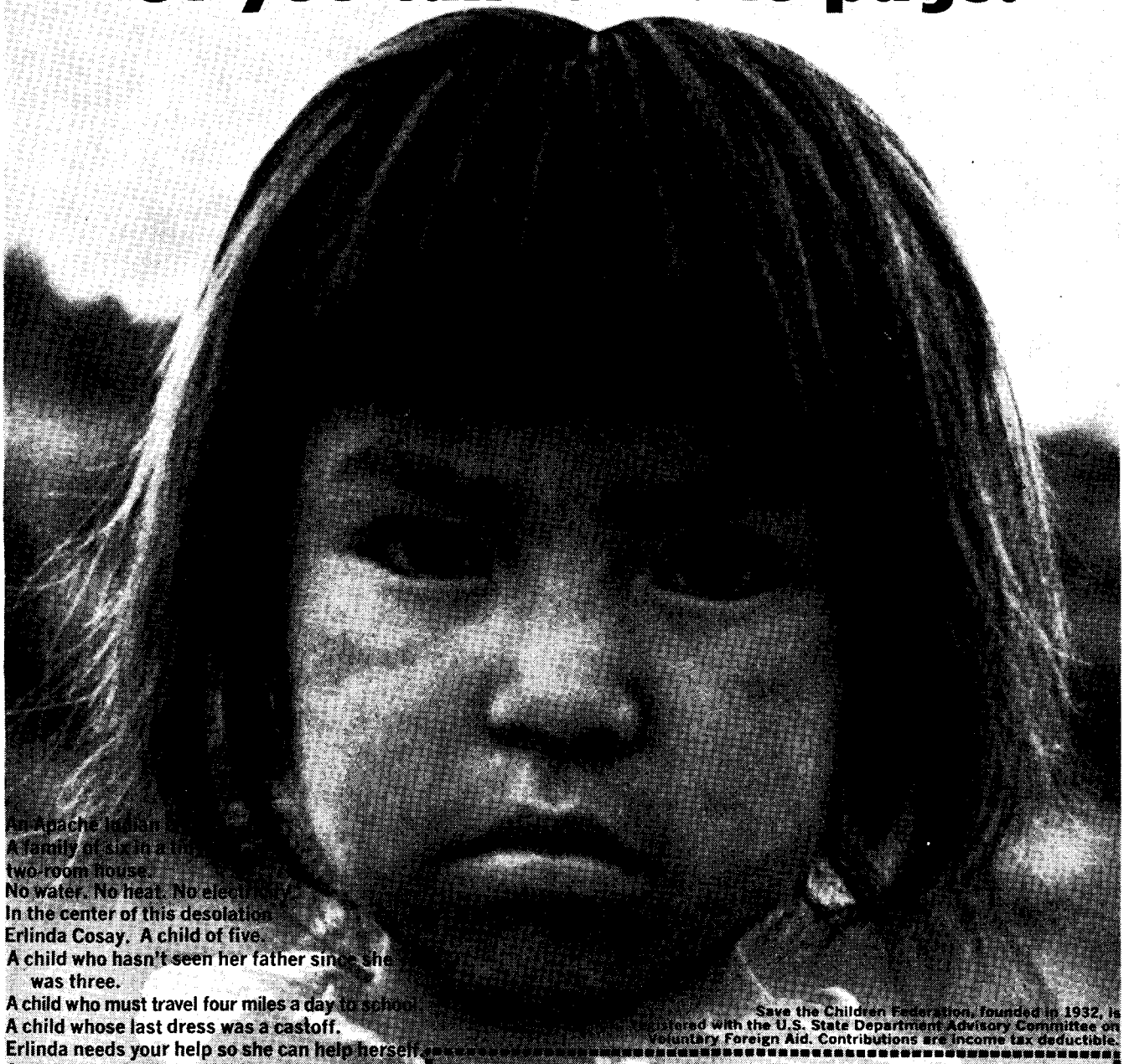
You can save Erlinda Cosay for $15.00 a month. Or you can turn the page.



An Apache Indian [illegible]
A family of six in a tin[illegible]
two-room house.
No water. No heat. No electricity.
In the center of this desolation
Erlinda Cosay. A child of five.
A child who hasn't seen her father since she was three.
A child who must travel four miles a day to school.
A child whose last dress was a castoff.
Erlinda needs your help so she can help herself.
And through Save the Children Federation you can give her that help.
For $15.00 a month you can sponsor an American Indian child like Erlinda.
So that there can be electricity in the house instead of kerosene and wood.
So Erlinda can have a new dress. And books. And school supplies.
So Erlinda's neighbors can improve their village. With a community well. A new road. A community house.
Perhaps a laundromat. To make money to buy necessities to make dependent people independent.
That's how Save the Children works. But without you it can't work. Please. Clip this coupon and mail it today. Now you can turn the page.

Save the Children Federation, founded in 1932, is [illegible] registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Contributions are income tax deductible.

I wish to contribute $15.00 a month to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl:

☐ Where the need is most urgent
☐ American Indian
☐ Appalachia
☐ Africa
☐ Europe
☐ Latin America
☐ Vietnam
☐ India
☐ Middle East
☐ Korea
☐ Southern U.S.

Enclosed is my first payment

☐ $15.00 monthly
☐ $45.00 quarterly
☐ $90.00 semi-annually
☐ $180.00 annually

☐ Instead, enclosed is my contribution of $ _____
☐ Please send me more information.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION

NORWALK, CONNECTICUT 06852

SR 10/2/1

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work, consists of hacks who obediently turn out over-styled and often unnecessary products and packages on the orders of sales departments. However, there are also men who see technology as a potentially liberating force, who use their capabilities to enhance existence for themselves and their fellow men. It is this latter group that sees its situation with depressing clarity: the almost universal timidity of industry, its general lack of convictions, concepts, or values, the widespread tendency to see design as another off-the-shelf commodity rather than the vital process it is. On the consumer side of the line, there is a population that has been brutalized, brainwashed to accept fantasy as a substitute for reality, and left unable to communicate its needs to anyone. In a society obsessed by death, the designer has to find a way to align himself with life. He has to do this if he is to develop his essential humanity, which is to say his integrity. It is the only way he can deal positively as a professional with an insanely mismanaged technology. It is the only way he can help terminate the unlimited production of ugliness, which is nothing more than the manifestation of a spirit deformed by lopsided values.

Design, let me repeat, is not a "thing," a commodity. It is a vital process through which technology and myth acquire form. We are beginning to learn again that design is a total social activity, not a collection of narrow specialties, and that it is an absolutely undistorted mirror of every society. If the pursuit of ugliness is part of what we really are, design is the process that makes this reality manifest. The roadside strips, the consumer products, the billboards, the fantasy cars, the monster junk piles are all designs that *we* commissioned, *we* made, *we* live with. These are portraits of us, not someone else. There is no "they." America the Beautiful is not what we made, but what we found.

Ugliness, by any possible human definition, is inappropriateness, perversion, corruption. The very air is loaded with our new awareness of this. The news is full of reports on moves to turn around what, only a few years back, looked like a hopelessly irreversible trend. Technology and design —and politics—are the available tools. Ugliness, under this new set of conditions, can be used as the early warning system if things begin to go wrong. The sensors needed to identify ugliness are people—people whose eyes and spirits have been cleansed. This process, too, seems to be under way.

And who will be the new designers to handle these new problems? It begins to look as if practically everybody will be getting in on the act.

The Heroic Ideal

Continued from page 51

Emersonian ideal of heroism. Each essay consists of shopworn generalizations and sketchy analyses of texts that have been quoted a thousand times to support similar and often more subtle arguments. Emerson fails to take satisfactory account of human imperfectibility, but at least expresses the idealism central to American life; Hawthorne, on the other hand, is always aware of the limits of human nature; Melville's genius rests principally in his grasp of the tyranny of power; Whitman has currency because he shows us how to resist a deadening technocracy by recovering our sense of the natural; Henry James is valuable for his understanding of the complex fate of innocence; and all five writers are bound together by their concern with the conflict between idealism and authority.

Despite the intelligent cautions of Mr. Gross's preface, the effect of so broad, insistent, and commonplace an argument is to reduce obsessive, contradictory writers to clear-eyed commentators on our national fate—all engaged in a common enterprise, each responding to a similar set of human facts. When, at the end of this demonstration, we are told that "the moral framework of [James's] art is absolutely lucid," we despair—old Procrustes is at his dubious work again.

Gross's second section is vexing for different reasons. In "The Southern Hero," he explains at length how a naïve ethical code weakened the writings of William Gilmore Simms and Thomas Nelson Page. Toward Twain and Faulkner, Mr. Gross nods politely, and moves on to section three, a breezy sketch of black writers from Booker T. Washington to James Baldwin. The emphasis here is on changing patterns of consciousness about blackness, but there are few fresh observations about a cultural story that is by now well known. In "The Disenchanted Hero" we discover that Hemingway was suspicious of abstract ideals but found solace in an affirmative ethic of work, and that Fitzgerald explored disillusioned idealism. The final section, "The Quixotic Hero," is fresher because the material has not been so often handled, but even here Gross goes on too long about Salinger's preoccupation with suicide, Bellow's with affirmation, and Mailer's with himself.

In addition to the excessive familiarity of its argument, *The Heroic Ideal* occasionally suffers from a shaky style, intellectual modishness, and a careless attention to detail. "Literary heroes dramatize the moral texture of a country" is the opening and not uncharacteristic sentence. "Literature" seems oddly equated with "fiction." Whitman is the only poet among fifteen novelists, and hardly a word is spared for Dickinson, Stevens, Frost, Hart Crane, or Robert Lowell. Seventy pages of commentary go to the blacks; eighty-three to the men of the American Renaissance and Henry James. At one point we are even told by Gross, who co-edited *Dark Symphony: Negro Literature in America*, that "Negro authors reveal a complexity in American society that is not readily discovered in the work of white writers." Elsewhere, *Cannibals & Christians* has its nouns reversed; Robert Cohn turns up as Cohen, *Dangling Man* as *The Dangling* and so on.

Despite his energy and good intentions, Professor Gross has provided us with something less than a performance to fit his theme.

Lawrence Graver is the author of "Conrad's Short Fiction."

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

MISERIES

Connect each disability, illness, or defect with one of the characters listed. Suggestions for this quiz came from Aisha Kahn of Venice, California, and Lois and James Gibson of Little Rock, Arkansas. Prescriptions filled on page 75.

1. malaria ( )
2. brain fever ( )
3. severed buttock ( )
4. partial deafness ( )
5. typhus ( )
6. blindness ( )
7. bad cold ( )
8. paraplegia ( )
9. half-wittedness ( )
10. post-partum hemorrhage ( )

a. Catherine Barkley
b. Jane Bennet
c. Sir Clifford Chatterley
d. Lennie
e. Catherine Linton
f. Daisy Miller
g. the Old Woman
h. Tiresias
i. the Wife of Bath
j. Yurii Zhivago

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ENVIRONMENT
and the Quality of Life

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by John Lear

65 **The Making of a Conservationist**
by Walter J. Hickel

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by Paul P. Craig

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by Paul R. Ehrlich and John P. Holdren

72 **Earth Watch**
by Sally Lindsay

74 **Letters to the Environment Editor**

To a Planetary Tomorrow

CANBERRA.

All the experience we have with the mysterious privilege of life is confined to our own planet, the third most distant of nine dependencies of a yellow star burning two-thirds of the way out from the center of the giant pinwheel of stars we know as the Milky Way. But detection of simple organic molecules—the same ones we are made of—in the space among the stars leaves little doubt that creatures of intelligence matching and sometimes surpassing our own are living on thousands if not tens of thousands of planets too far off to be distinguishable by any device man has so far invented. To travel in search of these distant civilizations is impossible until yet undreamed of methods of vehicle propulsion are discovered. The most that can be tried is code communication by radio. Whatever hope there is of tapping superior wisdom over this route ought to be brightest here in Canberra, capital city of the Australian continent, for Canberra lies directly under the center of the Milky Way, in plain view of half the planets in the galaxy.

Because of this cosmic circumstance, a happening here last month can justly be described as a kind of epic poetry. Statesmen of research from all over the earth gathered at the Australian Academy of Sciences to affirm their profound concern for the enhancement of the quality of earthly existence pending such time as a grander living scheme reveals itself to us.

Australia abounds in reminders that the evolutionary process, in its constant reaching to prepare for survival in the yet-to-come, creates life forms suitable for environments other than the one that actually emerges. The furry duck-billed platypus, the kangaroo, the wombat, the dingo, the dugong, the spiny anteater, the koala, the emu, and the lyre-bird—none of them going anywhere, all remaining alive only through man's indulgence. Exotic vegetation such as the flannel flower, the Christmas bush, and the kangaroo paw have no apparent function other than to delight the eye. But there is also the native gum (eucalypt) tree that has adapted itself in 500 ways, from the 300-foot-high mountain ash to stunted desert trunks, and now is providing seeds to restore denuded forests around the Mediterranean Sea and throughout the Southern Hemisphere.

The assembled scientists had come prepared to accept their isolated host continent's bizarre collection of living species as an object lesson. Before leaving for their respective homelands, they voted support for the formation of gene pools to assure a future diversity of plants and animals adequate to help man survive whatever turn of climate or concatenation of pollutants the environment may be subject to. Sir Otto Frankel, the Australian geneticist who won knighthood for his findings in the mechanics of heredity, noted that no more than 600 of the 300,000 species comprising the higher plant kingdom have figured in man's development, that perhaps 150 resulting crops have global significance today, and that about fifteen crops now feed the majority of earth's peoples.

Most laymen are not aware that there is such an organization as the International Council of Scientific Unions (ICSU), much less prepared to acknowledge it as a force in human affairs. But Maurice Strong, secretary general of the United Nations Conference on the Human Environment, scheduled for Stockholm next June, appreciates ICSU's worth. He knows that men would not have landed on the moon when they did if ICSU, fifteen years earlier, had not rallied scientists to participate in an eighteen-month-long International Geophysical Year study of relationships between the earth and the sun. Anticipating comparably rich benefits, Strong welcomed ICSU's initiative in appointing a Special Committee on Problems of the Environment (SCOPE).

After two preliminary meetings in Madrid and London earlier this year, SCOPE called its first general assembly for the beginning of September. Canberra was picked as the assembly site because SCOPE's president, Dr. J. Eric Smith, the British scientist who directed the cleanup of the notorious Torrey Canyon oil spill, was sitting on an Australian Royal Commission charged with deciding whether, and if so under what circumstances, Australia should allow oil drilling in the Pacific Ocean off one of the earth's most spectacular geological formations: the Great Barrier Reef of coral that breaks the sea surface for 1,250 miles, sometimes to a width of 500 miles, southeastward from New Guinea along Australia's northeast coast.

SCOPE's secretary general, Dr. Tom Malone, dean of the graduate school at the University of Connecticut, invited

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me to attend the historic meeting as an observer. I accepted before giving thought to the vast distance between New York City and Canberra. When I took off for San Francisco at breakfast time, twinges of dismay overtook me. But by the time a Pan American Airways 747 put me down at Honolulu in mid-afternoon, I could find no objection to my wife's observation that the day was just beginning. Pan American was wiser than we were, however; at its suggestion we stayed on Oahu island for a day and a half to catch our breath. At Nandi, in the Fijis, the flowers in the airport garden were glorious even in the rose-gray of the dawn, and on the harbor shore at Sydney the new opera house reached for our plane like a clustered family of giant, hungry clams. There we changed planes for Canberra and the Australian Academy of Sciences headquarters, which is not only the most beautiful but the most intelligently laid out scientific meeting place I have ever entered.

Tom Malone had arrived a week before to complete last-minute preparations for the SCOPE assembly. He had instructed me to call him out of his meetings as soon as I arrived. I did so, and he pitched right into a briefing:

"It is most timely that conversations on international aspects of the human environment be held during the summer of 1971. This matter has been thrust into a position of such prominence during the past year or two that there is an understandable tendency to turn away from the topic because of sheer weariness from listening to strident voices warning of impending disaster. We are *not* confronted with an 'environmental crisis' that will come to a head within a few years. We *are* confronted, however, with a set of important environmental issues of sufficient gravity that they must be resolved within the next several decades if the human species is to achieve the quality of life to which it aspires—or even to survive."

Professor Malone then introduced me to SCOPE's vice president, Professor Francesco di Castri, director of the Institute of Ecology, Austral University of Chile, at Valdivia. At the age of forty-one, this black-topknotted, somewhat birdlike native of Italy and intellectual product of Padua University has become a living interface in the relationship between developed and developing nations. For a while after the 1972 Stockholm Conference was proposed, the weaker nations voiced fears that the stronger countries' expressions of concern over environmental degradation were really veiled attempts at continued subjugation of the poor by the rich. Di Castri did not concur in this view, and at SCOPE's initial meeting in Madrid, he volunteered to analyze the situation and recommend ways of resolving conflicts he might uncover.

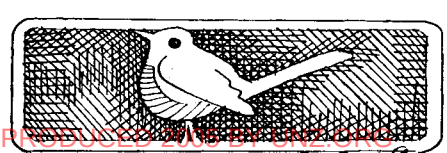
By culling scientific journals for the names of authors of published research papers, scanning the membership lists of scientific societies, and picking the brains of scientists he had met through his involvement in the International Biological Program, Professor di Castri compiled a list of about 500 scientists who lived and worked in the developing countries. It was the first catalogue of its kind. He addressed a personal letter and questionnaire to everyone on the list. To those who responded he sent a second questionnaire, and to those who answered that he sent a third set of questions. When all the answers were in and collated, he had the opinions of 200 qualified scientific investigators in forty developing lands.

The other members of SCOPE were so favorably impressed by di Castri's diligence that they persuaded Maurice Strong to appropriate some of the U.N.'s Stockholm Conference money for a five-day workshop in Canberra on the environmental problems of developing countries. Fifteen scientists (five each from Africa, Asia, and Latin America) took part. At the end of the workshop period, on the eve of SCOPE's own assembly, a report was drawn up and submitted to SCOPE.

As di Castri had foreseen, the scientists' most urgent plea was not for divergence from or resistance to environmental quality controls advocated by the developed countries. There was unanimous agreement that appropriate measures for protection of the environment need not sap the gathering economic strength that all poor countries aspire to. What the scientists wanted above all else was the respect of the politicians who govern their own lands. They proclaimed their frustration over lack of any meaningful voice in the decision-making process of their own governments.

If scientific advice were sought and heeded before political actions were initiated, the scientists declared, much might be done to defuse the population explosion, to apply humane management methods to runaway urban sprawl, and to stop profligate wastage of natural resources.

If, on the other hand, politicians and diplomats continue to disregard the experience and knowledge of their scientific contemporaries, the scientists of the developing countries see little hope that the 1972 Stockholm Conference will achieve more than an expression of pious platitudes.



No progress can be expected from application of ecological principles to the developing countries unless the applications are relevant to national needs, the workshop report to SCOPE emphasized. Therefore, the report recommended, national environmental protection plans should be drafted for national reasons, environmental scientists should be educated within the geographical areas they are concerned with, and regional centers should be created for exchange of knowledge and for cooperative pooling of scarce skills. Expensive machinery relied on by developed nations should be forgone in favor of intensive use of plentiful local labor. Large-scale projects such as hydro-electric dams should be undertaken only after adequate provision is made for resettlement of displaced people. Insect-killing chemicals such as DDT should be avoided until undesirable side effects on human and other species can be identified and guarded against.

SCOPE, which itself had felt the need for greater scientific involvement in the political process, happily accepted the workshop report and voted to pass copies of it along to the executive committee of ICSU (due to meet in Ottawa about the time this issue of *SR* goes to press) and to the U.N. Office of Science and Technology, the U.N. Advisory Committee on Application of Science and Technology to Development, the U.N. Development Program, and all U.N. specialized agencies. SCOPE pledged itself to help developing countries deal with their environmental problems and promised to retain Professor di Castri as a key figure in the undertaking.

A broad design for a global system of pollution monitoring is now in being. Work is under way on computer models of the interdependent behavior of all life in tropical grasslands and forests. Handbooks on the measurement of trace elements are being compiled. Toxicological thresholds of chemical contaminants are being determined. A tool for studying the impact of man on climate is at hand. A beginning has been made toward analysis of acoustical pollution. But an incredible number of unknowns remain to be discovered. This multitude of gaps in knowledge will, it is hoped, be filled under the new constitution that SCOPE adopted as ICSU's agent here in Canberra. Although it does not so explicitly state, that document in actuality provides for a new kind of government, in which global politicians can be advised by scientists free of narrow national bias. If superior civilizations are watching from the midst of the Milky Way, they undoubtedly are wondering why it took us so long.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

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THE MAKING OF A CONSERVATIONIST

—Point Reyes National Seashore, California. Photo courtesy of U.S. Department of the Interior

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Walter J. Hickel served as President Nixon's Secretary of Interior for twenty-two months. He left that post in November 1970 at the President's request after having written a letter to the White House urging a more sympathetic hearing for the views of American youth. At the time of his Cabinet appointment, Mr. Hickel was Governor of Alaska. He had previously been a successful private developer. During his years in Alaska, Mr. Hickel acquired a concern for environmental protection, which he was able to put into practice at the national level upon taking federal office. The following text on his environmental ideas was adapted from Mr. Hickel's book* Who Owns America? *to be published this month by Prentice-Hall.*

by WALTER J. HICKEL

When I took office in 1969 as Secretary of the Interior, pollution was no longer a joke; this fact was made clear by the nature of my confirmation hearings. The subject was aggravating millions of Americans; frustration and hostility toward government and industry were growing. The nation was desperately looking for leadership, and I decided that we should take that lead.

The Interior Department was created in 1849 to look after the public lands, located mainly in the central and western parts of the United States. As industry began to gain in importance at the turn of the century, it turned more and more of its attention to this government department. Before long Interior was said—with some truth—to be in the pocket of big business. Public demand was for goods and services derived from the natural resources of America, and the Interior Department was responsible for managing the bulk of those resources. It is not fair to label the developing Interior-industry relationship as an unholy alliance, but as the twentieth century progressed, private interests called more and more of the shots. It began to appear that those interests owned America.

I knew differently. The problem I faced was how to restore a just and fair balance in the management of those things owned by 200 million Americans —the public lands, the Continental Shelf, and the properties that are privately owned but that can be abused in ways that infringe upon the rights of others.

The financing of park and recreation land acquisition was perhaps the biggest piece of unfinished business I found waiting for me when I took over as Secretary of the Interior. The American people have been terribly misled through the legislative game of authorizing a measure without appropriating the funds to carry it out. A citizen, hearing the announcement that such-and-such national park has been authorized, believes it has thereby been acquired. Often, only the concept of the park has been authorized. No money has been appropriated to pay for it.

The authorizing of parks without appropriating funds has made many land speculators rich. Once a park is au-

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"Government must be visionary in nature and be prepared to 'return to us' those things that only national government can give back . . . clean rivers, unpolluted air, and a free spirit in the inner man."

thorized, the value of surrounding lands increases sharply over a period of years, reaching a point where they are ten and sometimes fifty times as expensive as when the park was initially authorized. I believe that when it comes to protecting the American people and protecting America's open spaces, authorization should be tied to appropriation or else long-term real estate contracts should be signed, a down payment made, and the balance paid over a period of ten or twenty years.

A perfect example of how not to help the public was the Point Reyes National Seashore in California. When it was authorized for around $14-million, the funding was not appropriated. For this reason the federal government, over the years, ended up paying $38-million for the property. If we had tied appropriations to authorizations or used long-term real estate contracts, the total payment, including interest, would have been about $17-million, thereby saving $21-million. Besides, we would have been able to use the area during the past ten years.

Another scandalous example is the Cape Cod National Seashore, where the land values have increased nearly a hundredfold since legislation was passed to authorize the park. In the name of conservation, the public is being raped.

The polluters of the past were providing goods and services for the public but were oblivious to the environmental consequences of their actions. I cannot blame them. Even twenty years ago the industrial and municipal effluent being discharged into public waters was in most cases too little to pollute. Nature has a built-in system to break up and clear away pollution. But today it is a different story. Many of our rivers and lakes have passed the level of tolerance and even the oceans are in danger. Today's polluters cannot avoid the issue of environmental responsibility. The additional cost to protect the environment must now and forever be included in the cost of any item.

Vast assets are being squandered. Revenue potential dwindles away. Our great inheritance, the natural beauty of our land, is fading at a frightening pace, while the government is lost in the rat race of coping with one crisis after another. Time and again those things owned by the American public have been exploited due to the pressure of special interests. Those interests can be anybody large or small, an individual conglomerate or an individual rancher.

It was Abraham Lincoln's theory that government should do only those things that private enterprise cannot do or cannot do as well. This does not mean total involvement by government in private enterprise, but it does mean guidance and regulation. We have the greatest incentive system ever put together on earth, but free enterprise allowed to run totally free will destroy itself.

The thrust of government must change so that we act positively instead of reacting negatively. We must make an inventory of all those things we own. The task of putting together such a catalogue of assets is entirely possible with the technology now available, including computer systems, satellites, and instant communication. Once the inventory is complete, judgments can be made about the highest and best use of all those assets. These judgments must be reached with the help of public hearings to provide a balance between the primary needs of a local area and the requirements of the nation as a whole.

Resources must be developed and used; homes and office buildings must be built. But it is inexcusable to take those actions without considering the impact they have on the heart and soul and spirit of the American people. Industry and architects have proved that projects can be accomplished with proper respect for the environment. The question is: Do we care enough about our land to see that they are done in that way?

The problem of getting a clean land also involves the argument about how best to cut the timber in our forests. This is of great concern to me because much of the nation's lumber is taken from public property. I feel strongly that the emphasis should be on "selective cutting," in which a tree is cut only after it has reached proper maturity. Selectivity does not always mean the same thing; it depends on the forest and the kinds of trees you are talking about. Certain trees, the Douglas fir for instance, are subject to "blowdown" if they are left unsurrounded by other trees.

This fact is used by the lumber industry to argue in favor of "clearcutting," a procedure by which, with the help of enormous machinery, a crew of men will move into a forest and level everything in a given area. But the real argument for clearcutting is that it is cheaper to cut that way and take a chance on the forest's restoration.

Undoubtedly there are situations in which the clearcutting of trees is justified, but there are many cases in which it represents an abuse of a resource. We should take a much harder look at selective cutting, even if it does cost a bit more. Does it make sense to cut a three-year-old tree, a thirty-year-old tree, and a 300-year-old tree all at the same time just because they are standing next to each other? Is the highest and best use of a tree to make it into a telephone pole? It is interesting that clearcutting is practiced a great deal more by private firms when they use public land than when they use their own private property.

Strip mining of coal is another example of not facing the real cost of retrieving a resource—the total cost. It is possible to strip mine without desecrating the environment. It just costs a little more. What is lacking are regulations to see that such mining is done correctly. The procedure is simple: recover the topsoil. When the dig is finished, you return the topsoil to its original contour. This should be done immediately so that your machines are never more than about 1,000 feet in advance of an area to be reclaimed. It is important to cover the mined area quickly because when the land is open, it bleeds. Then you get erosion that silts the streams and acidity in the runoff from sulphur contact that pollutes the water as well as the vegetation around the open land.

The point of returning the land to its original contour is important. In a thin seam, this entire procedure costs roughly 15 or 20 cents a ton. There is a mandate to "return it like you found it."

How will we leave America? Will the heritage our generation leaves behind be an exhausted earth and a human who is degraded? Will the rugged individualism on which we have prided ourselves result in collective destruction? Not if we have a truly *national* approach to government.

We must have more men with the courage to accept responsibility for planning and implementing policies that will lift us as a nation into the next century, the century of the human. Government must be visionary in nature and be prepared to "return to us" those things that only national government can give back, such as clean rivers, unpolluted air, and a free spirit in the inner man.

At stake is the living of life, and this

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is not a narrow or regional thing. It cannot be sustained by a government based on the principle that the blending of a conglomeration of special interests will produce a truly national policy. An individual or local government can take care of a problem in an individual or local way, but there are very few local splashes that do not make waves across the country; local problems tend to become problems of the community called the United States. Decisions on where to put a freeway or how to dispose of municipal sewage have repercussions that are important throughout the land.

There are very few purely private decisions any more. Increasingly, every private decision related to our society must also be considered a *public* decision, one that cannot be undertaken without regard for its effect upon other individuals. Continued indifference to the public today can only burden more severely the public of tomorrow.

As a mode of transporting people and goods, the iron wheel and a rail still make a combination hard to beat. I felt this way when I was Governor of Alaska. In my first State of the State message, delivered in January 1967, I asked the Alaska House of Representatives and the Senate, sitting in joint session, to fund a commission to explore the future of transportation within the state. I had in mind primarily the expansion of the federally owned Alaska Railroad to points such as Prudhoe Bay, where the oil strike was beginning to come in, and to Nome on the Bering Sea.

Washington displayed its usual lack of interest in Alaska, and oil companies that could have used the railroad to carry their produce in and out showed no interest at all. Had the railroad been extended, an enormous area of northern Alaska would have been wisely opened up for its highest and best use, and many of the environmental dangers mentioned in the argument about the building of an Alaska pipeline from Prudhoe Bay to Valdez would have been avoided.

Coordination of *all* overland transport inside "corridors" could make manageable the delivery of goods and people to their destinations. It would also provide a practical way for millions of Americans to see and enjoy the scenic grandeur of this vast area.

Although there are limitations to the resources we have in our country, there is still a vast potential to be explored and wisely planned for. Our population is growing, and our urban centers especially give the impression that we are rapidly running out of space. In reality, there are still great regions of private and public land available both for living and for the restoration of man's spirit through recreation. Anyone who crosses the country can readily see that the immediate problem is one of distribution—not only of goods but of people. Our greatest lack has not been one of space but rather of imagination in caring and planning for all our property and all our people. Is it right to give a cow one hundred acres of public land on which to roam, while a ghetto family is penned up in one hundred square feet?

As in other areas of the environment, the development of a comprehensive land use policy would mean jobs. And these jobs would demand the creative and imaginative talent of everyone involved, because it would be a pioneering venture. The aim would be to put a value, not measured in dollars and cents, on a mountain stream, a prairie, a forest, and a wilderness. This would demand people who understand the balance between meeting the needs of our population for minerals, energy, and all kinds of resources on the one hand, and for esthetics and recreation on the other.

What can we do about private decisions that are destructive? We can alert people, educate them, and inspire them. There is no substitute for the motivation provided by millions of people. That power, when people are informed and committed to a great cause, can do what billions of federal dollars cannot begin to do. Further, in those areas where individuals or institutions refuse to listen to the public's demand for a voice of reason, government has got to take a strong stand. For example, in dealing with the environment, a man should be free to turn out a product for sale, but his freedom ends when his factory pollutes the air, contaminates the waterways, desecrates beauty, or harms those around him.

In the area of the environment, immediate survival is at stake for certain wild creatures and plant life. Man's ultimate survival is at stake as he realizes that the earth is a closed system. We cannot create new resources; we can only alter them. They cannot be destroyed, but they can be wasted and irretrievably lost. Environmental responsibility is a way of life, an attitude toward our habitat, an ever-present awareness of the interrelationship and interdependence of all living things on this earth.

With this sober awakening has come the joyousness of a morning. Values that were forgotten—the poetry of an untouched mountain stream, the philosophy of a lonely wilderness, the majesty of a mountain range or a great ocean's expanse—these simple satisfactions of life, which have been man's companions from the very beginning, are returning to enrich the individual and shift the world back into balance.

This awakening brings an awareness that the individual cannot live without his neighbor. Life styles of consumption and extravagance must change, and the individual can no longer remain isolated. His personal decisions affect his neighbor. His neighbor's decisions affect him.

The individual, who has appeared to be becoming more and more impotent in a vast society, is now discovering that he alone is the key to change, to survival, to the improvement of life for all humanity. To accomplish a worldwide change of values, so that our resources are not squandered and our surroundings destroyed, challenges the imagination of all the people on earth.

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—Ralph H. Anderson, U.S. Dept. of the Interior

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LEAD, THE INEXCUSABLE POLLUTANT

by PAUL P. CRAIG

—*Irene Shwachman, Black Star*

If the crust of planet earth were to be chopped into a million pieces, somewhere between ten and fifteen of them would consist of the chemical element lead. As far as scientists have been able to discover up to now, lead contributes nothing to the development or maintenance of life, either in plants, or in animals, or in man. On the contrary, the evolutionary process that brought forth the human species seems to have recognized long ago that lead is poisonous to life; the farther upward one searches in the chain of species that feed upon other species, the less lead is found.

Yet, within the degree of accuracy to which such matters have been measured, the scientific indications are that the surface waters of earth's oceans today contain ten times as much lead as they did before the human animal emerged.

And the American people today are carrying around in their bodies one hundred times the amount of lead they would have absorbed from a primitive environment.

What does this mean?

Simply that man has changed his natural environment to such an extent and has employed lead in making the changes in such a way as to systematically poison himself.

Originally, all the lead on earth was buried in the planetary crust. Man began digging out the metal about 5,000 years ago, probably after finding it accidentally in the ores from which he obtained silver. Tin also was present in silver-bearing rock, and could be mixed with lead to form pewter and so provide a protective coating for copper pots and pans that otherwise poisoned the food prepared in them. Lead was likewise popular with potters, who used it as glazing for ceramic vessels.

The poisonous effects of lead on the human organism have long been recognized. The early Romans, in their quest for silver, smelted large amounts of ore that contained lead. About 400 tons of lead were recovered for each ton of silver. The mining and smelting were performed by slaves, who undoubtedly often died of lead poisoning.

The lead was used for a wide variety of purposes, including roof sheathing, and cooking and wine vessels. Democritus noted that the acidity of wine could be reduced by the addition of lead oxide. Pliny specified that leaden pots must be used in making grape syrup; dissolved lead apparently improved the flavor of the syrup.

Since the ruling classes had most access to leaden vessels, they constituted the group that was most poisoned. The resulting decline in their birth rate and in their creative and governing ability has been documented impressively by Dr. S. C. Gilfillan in an ingenious piece of detective work [see *SR*, Aug. 7, 1965].

Centuries after the Roman Empire collapsed, apparently without understanding what had happened to it, pioneers of modern American civilization acted to prevent a repetition of the performance. Governors of the Massachusetts Bay Colony in New England outlawed the distillation of rum in leaded vessels in order to prevent what were then called "the dry gripes."

Generations of boys on both sides of the Atlantic played with toy lead soldiers until the toys were shown to be connected with sickness and the death of children who nibbled on them.

During the early years of the twentieth century, lead poisoning was common among house painters. The most characteristic symptom was wrist drop, a tendency of the wrist muscles to sag. The sagging resulted from lead interference with the nerves that control the muscles.

The early mortality of painters and

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workers in the lead processing industry was relatively high and easily identified. On diagnosis, action could be taken to eliminate the sources of exposure. The most decisive action was banning lead from interior paint some years ago. This protected the painters, but not the infants and toddling children who picked off and ate paint peeling from neglected walls. New coats of lead-free paints blocked off the danger residing in the old leaded paints, but when the new coats wore thin and were not in their turn covered, the underlying lead paints again came within reach of the children's hands.

Convulsions, delirium, coma, severe and irreversible brain damage, blindness, paralysis, mental retardation, and death can result from lead poisoning. In children, the early symptoms are particularly subtle. Victims become irritable, sleepy, or cranky. They may be troubled either with diarrhea or its opposite, constipation. Only if a pediatrician is looking for lead poisoning is he likely to identify it in a child, for most children are frequently irritable, sleepy, or cranky. So, although lead poisoning is known to be one of the major sources of injury to young children in low-income families (two hundred die every year in America alone), lead's impact on other children can only be surmised.

Most lead that enters the human body does so through food. This lead, which enters the stomach, is rather inefficiently absorbed by the body, and only about 5 to 10 per cent of the lead ingested actually enters the blood stream. Inhaled lead is far more serious, for the fine particles emitted by automobiles are retained within the alveoli of the lungs and are absorbed by the body with an efficiency of about 40 per cent. Thus, a small quantity of lead inhaled can do far more damage than a large quantity consumed. By emitting lead into the atmosphere, man has bypassed complex and effective mechanisms designed by nature to keep the lead burden of humans low.

Because of these circumstances, the emission of lead through the exhaust pipes of internal combustion-engined automobiles has become man's greatest worry in connection with lead poisoning—greatest because it has been growing constantly since 1923, when lead was first introduced as an additive to automotive fuel. Although concentrated in the cities and hence visited most heavily on city dwellers, atmospheric lead is carried by the winds and deposited all over the globe. The index of its presence is the lead content of the Greenland icecap, which has been traced back to 800 B.C. and shown to have been explosively accelerated during the last half century.

The total daily intake of lead in the food and drink of an individual American is typically about 300 micrograms, of which 15 to 30 micrograms is absorbed. The average city dweller experiences an atmospheric lead level of about 2 micrograms per cubic meter. He inhales about 20 cubic meters of air per day, of which 40 per cent, or 16 micrograms, is absorbed. Thus, at least one-third of the total lead absorbed by average American urban dwellers arises directly from atmospheric lead.

In unfavorably situated cities, the concentration of atmospheric lead can be substantially higher than the levels just mentioned. In midtown Manhattan, for example, average values of 7.5 micrograms of lead per cubic meter of air have been reported. Lead content of some city dust approaches 1 per cent, which is equal to the proportion of lead found in some ores. Grass harvested from alongside highways has been found to contain as much as one hundred times the lead concentration of grass not exposed to automobile exhaust. Recently, at the Staten Island Zoo, two leopards were paralyzed, a horned owl's feathers dropped out, and a number of captive snakes lost their ability to slither. All proved to be victims of lead poisoning, and the source of the lead was the grass, leaves, and soil in outdoor cages, as well as the paint on the cage bars. Dr. T. J. Chow of Scripps Oceanographic Institute recently reported that in San Diego average values of lead are now 8 micrograms per cubic meter of air; he noted that the concentrations are rising at a rate of 5 per cent per year. There can no longer be any question that atmospheric lead is at a dangerous level.

The degree of the danger cannot be stated precisely without an accurate measure of the amount of the lead burden now being carried by the bodies of Americans and of the margin between this level and that known to produce crippling or fatal effects. If the margin is small, it is important to search for subtle effects that would not be noticed in a conventional public health survey.

The most commonly used indicator of exposure to lead is the concentration of lead in the blood. There is at present a narrow margin between the average blood lead level in Americans and the level associated with severe poisoning. The level considered diagnostic of lead poisoning in healthy males is 0.8 parts of lead per million (ppm) parts of blood. Today the average American's blood lead concentration is about 0.2 ppm—one-fourth of the amount commonly considered hazardous to adults and almost half the level indicative of acute poisoning in children.

At best, the margin of safety concept is questionable; at worst, it can be disastrous. The definition of the margin depends in large degree upon the sophistication of diagnosis. Safety levels are set so that known deleterious effects do not occur—at least not often. As diagnostic techniques improve, effects in individuals can be detected at lower levels. As statistical techniques improve, it becomes possible to search for subtle effects in large populations, as well as for synergistic effects in which the sensitivity of the body to a particular insult is increased due to the presence of some other pollutant, dietary deficiency, or the like. With increased sophistication, one also can detect groups of people who are especially sensitive. In the case of lead, it is essential that the most sensitive group —the children—be given particular emphasis in setting permissible criteria and standards.

There has developed in recent years a considerable body of data indicating that a margin of safety for lead exposure may not exist at all and that damage may occur even at low exposure levels. If this is the case, it is imperative that unnecessary exposure to all types of lead be held to an absolute minimum.

Experiments with animals offer an excellent approach to the search for low-level effects. In an elegant series of tests carried out over many years in a special low-lead-level laboratory, Dr. Henry Schroeder of Dartmouth College has found that chromium-deficient mice carrying lead burdens typical of those found in the American people have reduced life spans and increased susceptibility to disease. Chromium deficiency is thought to occur in many humans. Recent experiments in Russia have shown that rabbits exposed to atmospheric lead at levels not much different from those found in some U. S. cities exhibit various functional disabilities and pathological anomalies.

Detailed statistical studies are necessary to delineate the extent of these subtle effects, which may consist of a diminishing of intelligence by a few points, a decrease in nervous coordi-

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nation and mechanical dexterity, or a general rundown feeling.

In contrast to many other pollutants, lead is a cumulative poison. Studies of Americans show that the older a person is, the more lead is concentrated in his body. (A slight decrease occurs in persons over sixty years of age.) The total body burden of lead in middle-aged Americans is about 200 milligrams, of which about 90 per cent is concentrated in the skeletal structure.

As the impact of lead effluent upon our health and our economy becomes recognized, the need for controls is increasingly evident. The most stringent of these will have to be adopted by the United States, which now consumes about 1.3 million of the total world lead consumption of 2.2-million tons. Some of this consumption—the part that goes into electric batteries, solder, and pewter—can be recycled at the end of the useful lifetimes of those products, but lead used as a gasoline additive cannot be recovered. It can only be prevented from entering the atmosphere in the first place.

The impact of atmospheric lead emitted from automobile exhausts constitutes a threat to health so severe that on this count alone lead emissions should be prohibited. However, the major pressures for the elimination of lead from gasoline so far have not resulted primarily from this important concern, but rather from the fact that lead in gasoline interferes with the control of many other automobile emissions.

Of the many methods proposed to control the amount of hydrocarbons, carbon monoxide, and oxides of nitrogen leaving the exhaust pipes of automobiles, one of the most discussed is the catalytic converter. The catalytic converter depends on the filtering capability of porous material with a large surface area in proportion to the volume occupied. The pores in the material fill rapidly with lead particles when leaded gasoline is used, and the process of converting the other pollutants to their harmless constituents is blocked.

To end the blockage, major auto makers equipped most of their 1971 models with low-compression engines able to operate on 91-octane lead-free gasoline. This surprise action forced the oil companies to shift petroleum refining methods. Several of them have introduced low-lead and lead-free gasoline throughout the country.

Low-compression engines get fewer high-speed miles per gallon of fuel. Also, there is some evidence that emission of aromatic hydrocarbons increases as lead content of fuel falls. These points have been argued forcefully by the Ethyl Corporation and by Du Pont, the primary makers of tetraethyl lead, the gasoline additive. Pollution control devices that will operate on leaded gasoline can be built, they say. As alternatives to catalytic converters, they have demonstrated prototype thermo-reactors, which are claimed not to foul when leaded gasoline is used. Theoretically (but not yet practically), lead particulates can be removed from the exhaust stream by special filters and separation devices. Continued use of lead in gasoline, Ethyl and Du Pont contend, will provide needed engine lubrication and avoid a controversial phenomenon called "valve seat pound-in," which may cause rapid wear of valve seats in cars using unleaded gas.

From an environmental point of view, the Ethyl and Du Pont approaches to the lead problem cannot be rejected or ignored. The environmentalist is primarily concerned with what comes out of the exhaust pipe rather than what goes into the gasoline. Reaction processes occurring in the internal combustion engine are complex and poorly understood. What is essential is that automotive emissions be controlled as expeditiously as possible, using the best technology currently available.

While the gasoline suppliers are now providing low-lead gasoline, it costs several cents per gallon more than leaded gasoline of the same octane rating. Cost-conscious motorists therefore are avoiding the new fuel. They will have to be encouraged to buy it. The encouragement could come through governmental regulation. With official standards in force, all manufacturers would compete on an equal footing. Unfortunately, such standards have yet to be set, although the Environmental Protection Agency has promised them for mid-December. By that time, a year and a half will have passed since the Environmental Defense Fund's petition to the U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare for establishment of criteria and standards for lead.

President Nixon has demonstrated his concern over lead poisoning by ordering all federally owned vehicles to operate on unleaded gasoline; however, because of bulk buying under long-term contract, the order cannot take practical effect until the next fiscal year. The President has also proposed a tax on lead, but Congress has not been enthusiastic about enacting one.

Spurred by the 1970 Clean Air Act amendments sponsored by Senator

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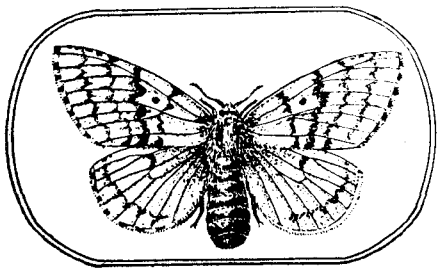

THE GYPSY MOTH BACKLASH

A basic misconception underlies the moth-pesticide issue—that man can control nature by brute force.

by PAUL R. EHRLICH and JOHN P. HOLDREN

Last summer, much attention was given in the mass media to a major outbreak of the gypsy moth in the northeastern United States. This outbreak caused what has been described as an "ecological backlash." Environmentalists were blamed for the damage because of their opposition to the indiscriminate spraying of persistent pesticides. Many people believed that heavy application of such pesticides would control the moths.

The gypsy moth was introduced into the United States from Europe and now periodically defoliates deciduous forests in the northeastern part of this country. Although in outbreak years the damage appears severe to the layman, the moth is not a serious threat to the survival of affected forests. Most trees survive defoliation, and those that do succumb are usually the weakest. Selective defoliation may even prove to be beneficial. The most heavily damaged species are oaks, which form most of the upper layer in the attacked forests. A small percentage of the oaks are killed, but, as ecologist Stephen Collins showed a decade ago, the defoliation of the oaks permits more light to penetrate to the lower levels of the forest. Maples, which are often killed when shaded by the oaks, are benefitted. Reducing the dominance of the oaks and encouraging the maples increases the diversity of the forest and may thus have the effect of increasing the stability of the entire ecosystem.

The short-term economic cost of a gypsy moth outbreak is difficult to assess. The U.S. Forest Service claims an average loss of ten dollars per acre. This estimate has been challenged as too high by the Environmental Defense Fund, an organization operating in the public interest and basing its actions on competent scientific advice.

A spray program was used last summer on areas of severe infestation. In view of the way the moth disperses, this action was taken too late. Egg masses are accidentally carried from place to place by man, and very young larvae float through the air on silken threads. The areas sprayed had already served as sources for dispersal—the barn door was locked after the horse had gone. Moreover, the dense moth populations sprayed were precisely those that would have collapsed in any case through disease and starvation. Indeed, in destroying potential disease foci, the use of pesticides may have abetted the outbreak.

It is unlikely that even a more wisely managed program of large-scale spraying would control the gypsy moth. What, then, should be done about an outbreak? One possible answer is "nothing": Let the infestation run its course as predator and parasite populations build up and food resources are reduced. Unhappily, as with many ecological problems, this "solution" leaves part of the human population in the lurch—for example, tourist industries whose business is ruined for an entire season, and homeowners whose property is devalued by the loss of handsome trees. These people would like to accept the short-term benefits of large-scale spraying. In the process, they would unknowingly create immediate costs for others whose livelihood depends upon fish and other wildlife and probably long-term costs for themselves and their children.

The answer, then, is complex. Integrated control measures, including spraying with nonpersistent pesticides, may be worthwhile in local situations. There are ecologically sound methods by which homeowners can protect their ornamental trees. Introduction of parasites and predators from the homeland of the gypsy moth and more effort at special controls, such as traps for males baited with improved synthetic "sex lures," may help to ameliorate large outbreaks in the future. But the dangers of large-scale spraying are too severe; society must accept some damage from moth plagues just as it accepts damage from other periodic natural events, such as hurricanes.

Part of the severity of the "ecological backlash" grows out of a continuing misunderstanding of the dangers and ineffectiveness of large-scale spraying. For instance, many people think DDT is "safe" because some misguided souls have been publicized as eating it "without harmful effects." No one has ever claimed that DDT has a high immediate toxicity. The issue is the seriousness of long-term exposure. The answer is not clear, but preliminary evidence suggests that long exposure to DDT and other chlorinated hydrocarbons may lead to cancer, cirrhosis of the liver, and other unpleasant consequences. Of course, the greatest danger of the persistent pesticides is their simplifying (and hence destabilizing) effect on the life-support systems of the planet [*SR*, June 5]. This potentially lethal threat is documented extensively in scientific literature and cannot be discounted by any amount of dining on DDT.

People have also been misled by some widely publicized "experiments" in which plots of crops were sprayed with insecticides and adjacent plots were left unsprayed. Insects severely damaged the unsprayed plots. Again, no one contests that withdrawal of insecticides will, in many cases, cause pest resurgence. The critical questions are whether ecologically sound programs *applied from the start* will provide adequate control levels and, if so, what is the best way to make the transition to such programs. The above "experiment" is equivalent to one in which ten heroin addicts are given continued doses of heroin and ten others forced into "cold turkey" withdrawal. The suffering and convulsions of those undergoing withdrawal then "proves" that heroin is required to keep human beings healthy.

The fundamental misconception that underlies the "ecological backlash" in the gypsy moth-pesticide issue—and in many others—is that man is capable of controlling nature, with brute force the method of choice. Actually, at his present level of technological competence, man all too often degrades natural systems when he attempts to regulate them too rigidly. With the stakes so high and our knowledge so meager, it is sensible to proceed with caution.

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Earth Watch

Worldwide Environment Notes

Instant Playgrounds

NEW YORK. A PORTABLE playground composed of ten colorful, unconventionally shaped units that can be set up in half an hour was tried out this summer on city play streets by the Police Athletic League, a local group that runs a recreational program for underprivileged children.

Made of strong synthetic materials, some components are flexible, some rigid. Flexible units, filled with plastic foam or air, stretch, squash, and twist when yanked, climbed, pummeled, and jumped on. Rigid units serve as construction elements and playhouses. Some components are washable and can be painted on. One element, containing a sound device, emits duck and goose calls when stepped on.

The complete playground occupies 2,500 square feet when assembled and accommodates up to 125 children at one time. When not in use, the units fit into a storage space six feet high and ten feet square.

The equipment was designed as a portable environment by Sheila Berkley, a young artist who has worked with inflatable sculpture. She interested the New York State Urban Development Corporation in financing the prototype model to test its usefulness for inner-city areas where permanent recreation space is at a premium. The State Council on the Arts, which saw in the units a means of fostering "participatory art," exhibited some components in up-state museums.

Now in commercial production, the equipment is being distributed by Portable Playgrounds/Sheila Berkley, Inc., 11 West 42nd Street, New York City.

Environmental Impact on TV Ads

WASHINGTON. FRIENDS OF THE EARTH, a national organization dedicated to preservation of the environment, has won a court ruling that television commercials for large-engine automobiles and leaded high-test gasoline must be balanced by messages informing the public that by polluting the air those products pose a threat to health.

The decision, handed down by the United States Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, overturned by a 2-to-1 vote a ruling of the Federal Communications Commission.

The crucial question in the case was the scope of the Commission's "fairness doctrine," which requires broadcasters to present contrasting points of view on "controversial issues of public importance."

Friends of the Earth argued that powerful cars and high-test gasoline should be considered health hazards comparable to cigarettes, previously ruled within the reach of the fairness doctrine.

Among its counter-arguments, the FCC affirmed that cigarettes "are a unique product" and that extending the cigarette ruling "generally to the field of product advertising" would "undermine the present [broadcast] system, which is based on product commercials, many of which have some adverse ecological effects."

In finding for Friends of the Earth, the majority judges held that "Commercials which continue to insinuate that the human personality finds greater fulfillment in the large car with the quick getaway do, it seems to us, ventilate a point of view which not only has become controversial but involves an issue of public importance.

"When there is undisputed evidence, as there is here," the opinion continued, "that the hazards to health implicit in air pollution are enlarged and aggravated by such products, then the parallel with cigarette advertising is exact. . . ."

Two courses of action are now open to the FCC. It can implement the mandate of the appeals court that broadcasters inform the public of the polluting effects of big cars and high-test gasoline, or it can seek review by the United States Supreme Court.

Bank Beautifies City

HOUSTON. TREES ARE more beautiful than billboard ads. That is the verdict of the Fannin Bank here, which has diverted $25,000 previously earmarked for routine billboard advertising to a tree- and shrub-planting program designed to enhance a twenty-block stretch of Main Street extending well beyond its own site.

At the bank's request, the Houston Parks Department prepared a master plan. It involves planting about 200 trees, mostly oak, ash, and elm, and 1,200 shrubs, including juniper, eucalyptus, and crepe myrtle. Some 100 trees and bushes are already in place.

When the planting is completed, the city will take title to the trees and shrubs and assume responsibility for their care.

The bank has no plans to resume billboard advertising in the future. Instead, it will use magazines, newspapers, radio, and television.

Crackdown on Visible Fumes

PHILADELPHIA. "No motor vehicles shall emit visible fumes, gases, mists, smokes, or vapors, other than water in any form while stationary or while in motion, except for the first 100 yards after starting." So reads one section of the regulations of the Air Pollution Control Board of the Philadelphia Department of Health, adopted in 1956. The penalty for violation of the regulation is a fine of not less than $25 and not more than $30, plus court costs, usually $6.

Thousands of motorists have violated that regulation during the fifteen

—*Richard Penney*

—*Wagner International Photos*

Inner-city children enjoy portable playground. Punch bags, at left, double as swings. "Swiss cheese" wall, at right, can be climbed.

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years it has been on the books, but no one has yet been prosecuted. Recently, the Health Department has decided to enforce the rule.

Pollution-control inspectors have begun accompanying policemen on their rounds in prowl cars. When the inspectors see a vehicle emitting smoke, they inform the police officers, who stop the car and write out violations. Motorists halted in this fashion are referred to the city's Law Department and taken to court for prosecution.

Bird Life Revives in Italy

ROME.

THE HUNTING SEASON in Italy was curtailed by six weeks this year during the spring bird migration in accordance with a law passed by the Italian government.

The ban on shooting was put into force to protect birds migrating from Africa to breeding grounds in Italy and other European countries as well as to shield the nesting activities of birds native to Italy.

A dramatic increase in all bird life since the ban went into effect has been noted by the World Wildlife Fund's Italian office. "It is possible to see everywhere in Italy large flocks of hoopoes, bee-eaters, herons, turtle doves, quails, and waders," the office reported. "Rollers and Glossy ibis have appeared in many places, and a remarkable increase can be noticed in the species of duck and waders on lagoons and coastal marshes, where they can nest undisturbed for the first time."

World Wildlife's office here was instrumental in bringing about the shooting ban through an active campaign in the press and on radio and television.

To Save "the Pearl of Egypt"

PHILAE, EGYPT.

TWENTY-THREE Nubian monuments—among them the famous temples of Abu Simbel—have been saved from submersion beneath the waters of the Nile since construction began on the Aswan High Dam in 1960. Last but not least of those structures still to be rescued by UNESCO's International Campaign to Save the Monuments of Nubia are the temples of the island of Philae.

Known for centuries as "the pearl of Egypt," the tiny islet of Philae has about twenty temples, chapels, and ornate gateways. Chief among its architectural treasures are the temple of the Nile Goddess Isis and an unfinished colonnade inscribed by the Roman Emperor Trajan.

Philae is sandwiched between the old Aswan Dam and the new High Dam. Its temples were not rescued earlier because they were not immediately doomed to submersion. Ever since the old dam was built in 1902, the island has, in fact, been flooded for nine months of the year. Now, however, with completion of the new dam, the temples of Philae are permanently flooded. And, even more threatening, cascades of turbulent water from the sluice gates of the High Dam are weakening the temples' foundations and eroding their stonework surfaces.

—UNESCO/Dominique Roger

The temples of the Nile island of Philae, now almost two-thirds submerged, will be dismantled and reassembled on higher ground.

To save these temples, an international team of engineers, archeologists, landscape architects, and financial advisers assembled by UNESCO has recommended that the monuments be dismantled and reconstructed on the neighboring and higher Nile island of Agilkia.

Contracts for the dismantling, transporting, and reassembling of the monuments have been awarded to two Italian engineering firms. Egypt's High Dam Authority will construct a coffer dam around the monuments before they are moved and will landscape the new site.

The total cost of the rescue project is estimated at about $14-million. The government of the Arab Republic of Egypt will pay one-third of the figure. UNESCO has agreed to contribute whatever monies are donated to its International Campaign to Save the Monuments of Nubia. At least $1-million must be raised before next July. UNESCO has therefore issued a second appeal for funds.

Said Mr. René Maheau, UNESCO Director General: "I cannot imagine that the member states of UNESCO, which have given such abundant proof of their generosity, should fail, when so near the goal, to make the final effort necessary to save this wonderful group of monuments, justly called 'the pearl of Egypt' from disappearing forever beneath the waters."

Five-Year Anti-Noise Plan

TALLINN, U.S.S.R.

THIS 800-YEAR-OLD Baltic coast city, capital of the former republic of Estonia, suffers from a contemporary urban problem—noise pollution. A special "commission of silence," composed of town councilors, engineers, and representatives of the city departments of health, industry, transportation, and building has put a five-year plan into effect to combat the problem.

Immediate measures already taken include a ban on the loading and unloading of trucks between the hours of 11 p.m. and 6 a.m. and the prohibition of truck traffic through residential areas after midnight.

A "noise map" of the city has been made indicating decibel levels street by street and pinpointing major sources of trouble.

Future measures, based on the map, will involve the installation of silencing equipment on machinery, the relocation of factories with high decibel levels, and the construction of an access roadway that will ring the city and divert the flow of traffic from the central streets. Stores and workshops will be barred in residential buildings, and boulevards will be lined with trees.

The ultimate aim of the five-year plan is to reduce the city's daytime noise level to a maximum of 35 decibels and the nighttime level to a maximum of 30 decibels. —SALLY LINDSAY.

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Letters to the Environment Editor

A Compassionate Technology

I AM PLEASED to learn from the article "Technology and the Poor" [*SR*, July 3] that Professor Ehrlich and Dr. Holdren have indeed come over to the side of us technological optimists. All will agree that what the world needs is not less technology but a more compassionate technology: one that provides abundance without causing deleterious side effects.

With respect to the finiteness of the earth's resources, there remains a sharp distinction between the optimistic neo-Jacobins (like me) and gloomy neo-Malthusians (like Ehrlich and Holdren). To the neo-Malthusians, the earth has so much copper; if this is depleted, catastrophe will set in. Not at all, say the neo-Jacobins. When we run out of copper, we shall use substitutes, like aluminum, that are abundant. The ultimate issue is how much will the world's living standard diminish if we must eventually depend for our civilization on elements that are essentially inexhaustible: hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, silicon, carbon, sodium, potassium, iron, aluminum, magnesium, and a few others?

At the Oak Ridge National Laboratory we have begun examining this question. Though our studies are incomplete, one gets the strong impression that the doctrine of substitutability is a sound one, with three caveats: First, there is no substitute for phosphorus, one of the elements necessary for life. Second, the wastes from a society that lives off low-grade materials and substitutes will be greater than those with which we are now encumbered. Our technologies of waste disposal will simply have to be improved. Third, we shall need an inexhaustible and cheap source of energy. From what we know now this seems most likely to be provided by the nuclear fission breeder. Fusion or solar energy would be better, but we don't know whether either of these is really feasible.

As for the contribution technology can make toward assuring some human dignity for the countless billions who will come, we neo-Jacobins insist that, even in the short run, only technology can buy us the time needed to accomplish this.

ALVIN M. WEINBERG,
Director,
Oak Ridge National Laboratory,
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

Taxing the Polluters

LAURENCE MOSS, in his article "Taxing U. S. Polluters" [*SR*, Aug.7], has pointed out the obvious, namely that it is not in industry's best interest to control pollution until this negative product of industry can be assigned a dollar value and be entered into industry's balance sheets.

Where Mr. Moss perhaps should rethink his approach is in his contention that the taxes on polluting industries should be put into the general fund. Putting pollution tax receipts into such a fund would be equivalent to my damaging your automobile, the government collecting from me and then putting the receipt into the general revenue without compensating you.

I submit that a pollution tax will be in keeping with Moss's purpose of "not raising revenue" (but providing incentive for industry to clean up), if, for example, operators of noisy jets were asked to finance soundproofing of the many homes under their runway approaches. Automotive makers would have a similar choice: Clean up emissions or finance installation of home equipment for removing the poisons of smog from interiors of homes of all who wished protection from smog. Such uses of pollution tax would be equitable to individuals damaged by pollution and would at the same time achieve Moss's desirable objective. As a corollary, the pollution tax would enable consumers to make more rational decisions about alternative uses of resources, for example, air versus rail transportation.

BOB GREENHALGH,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Global Pollution and the U.N.

I WAS WONDERING whether two of the functions proposed for the U.N. in "Global Pollution III: U.N. as Policeman" [*SR*, Aug.7] —environmental monitoring and environmental education—might be more effective if the two were partially consolidated: The U.N. would commission the high schools of the world as environmental monitoring stations and equip them with inexpensive land, air, and water monitoring instruments manned by students.

This monitoring network would be both more comprehensive and less expensive than a "professional" network. And by giving the young people of the world significant responsibility for environmental monitoring, it would foster a deeper sensitivity and commitment to the environment than would a formal environmental education program.

JOHN A. BERS,
Graduate Student,
Harvard Graduate School of Education,
Cambridge, Mass.

Greedy Land Developers

THE ARTICLE "Peddling the Great West" by Thomas W. Pew, Jr. [*SR*, Sept. 4] struck a responsive chord with me. As a practicing real estate consultant I am constantly contacted by individuals who have purchased lots in California and desire information on how they can sell their lots or just get their money back.

My advice is always: Check with the county assessor for the true cash value of the lot. If the value is substantially below its purchase price and the lot has no recreational value, stop making payments, but also try and get your money back from the development company.

The greatest single factor that motivates most of the large corporations to "Peddle the Great West" is greed. Sales of California real estate in remote recreational developments amounted to more than $200-million last year. I estimate that more than $125-million annually is taken from the economy in this way, money that could be spent for goods and services that would immeasurably help the state and save many acres of beautiful mountain property from the "land pollution" of greed by large developers.

NOEL K. ATKINSON,
Hayward, Calif.

"Why should I think harshly of Alexander the Great? After all, he has access to more information."

Answer to Wit Twister, page 46: cars, arcs, scar.

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Lead Pollutant

Continued from page 70

Edmund S. Muskie of Maine (they authorized consideration of environmental health effects of fuel additives), the Environmental Protection Agency has issued several reports on the danger of lead pollution and on the economics of its removal. One recent document, published in August, said lead-free gasoline could be made available across the country by 1975 at an additional cost to the motorist of between 0.2 and 0.9 cents per gallon of fuel.

The EPA published in June an interim report on a massive study of lead in several major cities. A comparison between atmospheric lead levels measured in 1961-62 and again in 1968-69 showed that ambient levels had increased by 13 to 33 per cent in Cincinnati, by 33 to 64 per cent in Los Angeles, and by 2 to 36 per cent in Philadelphia. The results of this important and alarming EPA study were unfortunately omitted from a National Academy of Sciences' study of lead released early in September, which concluded from older information that "the lead content of the air over most major cities has not changed over the last fifteen years." The omission of the most recent and best study from the NAS report led the Academy to recommend in its final conclusions only that more research is required on the health impact of automotive lead. Subsequently, the press reported that the Academy study showed that "lead is an overstated peril" (*The Wall Street Journal*, September 7). Meanwhile, the President's Council on Environmental Quality reported that there is little doubt that, at the present rate of pollution, diseases due to lead toxicity will emerge within a few years. The National Academy lead study is a dramatic example of how our most prestigious scientific body is incapable of taking a stand regarding the risks associated with introduction into the environment of substances that damage people in insidious epidemiological ways.

It seems fair to say that if we did not now have lead in our gasoline, and if some gasoline manufacturer proposed to add lead to his product, his proposal would be denied. We are clearly risking our health for the sake of cheap speed on the road. Although lead in gasoline does not constitute the most severe threat to health and well-being confronting society, it is one of the most unnecessary threats—hence an unforgiveable one; yet, one we must all bear.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1f, 2e (*Wuthering Heights*), 3g (*Candide*), 4i (*Canterbury Tales*), 5j, 6h (*Oedipus Rex*), 7b (*Pride and Prejudice*), 8c (*Lady Chatterley's Lover*), 9d (*Of Mice and Men*), 10a (*Farewell to Arms*).

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(Continued on page 76)

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BOOKS

(Continued from page 75)

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PERSONALS

PUTNEY SCHOOL HARVEST FESTIVAL, Putney, Vermont, October 9th. Carol Brown will be there (and at home).

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ART SALES EXECUTIVE wanted by Palo Alto art dealer. Please submit qualified resume to Mr. Williams, 304 Bryant, Palo Alto, California.

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EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

(Continued from page 77)

SOUTHWEST FLORIDA—Fortyish, literate, male salesperson bake shop. Room, board, winter. 5-day week. Box D-531.

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THE POOL is surrounded by real and imitation boulders and has every imaginable facility including high and low diving boards, waterfalls, slides, outdoor barbecue, wet bar, and snack bar as well as two unusual cavern-like dressing rooms (the owner has invested over $100,000 in this area alone).

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THERE IS ALSO A SMALL HOUSE consisting of 2 bedrooms and a bath, which could be either servants' quarters or a guest house with certain renovations.

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VENEZUELA! THE INSIDE TRACK. Personal guide: Herrick, Apartado 61963, Caracas.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1956

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Othello's lieutenant, who has "very poor and unhappy brains for drinking"	95 100 123 143 149 193
B. Having the quality or color of tawed leather	6 12 44 51 79 103 116 152 177 192
C. Gorges	198 1 5 17 34 56 68
D. Something absolutely worthless (2 wds.)	108 112 121 132 137 146 164 7 13 42
E. Gives pain, sorrow, or trouble to	47 88 135 205 25 35 80 87 124
F. Door lock operating from outside with a key and inside with a knob (2 wds.)	163 173 178 2 22 39 53 61 99 115
G. Onomatopoeia	122 131 151 18 48 55 86
H. Removes or forces out of a particular place	138 162 169 172 21 60 90 104 148
I. Last president of the Texas republic (full name)	183 14 24 37 45 133 40 92 127 199
J. Everywhere (2 wds.)	9 70 78 85 96 140 31
K. Makes a parachute jump, delaying the opening as long as possible	36 120 30 72 89 203 16 28
L. Place for gymnastic exercise in ancient Greece and Rome	57 107 126 145 20 27 153 180
M. "The murmuring surge,/ That on the unnumber'd idle _____ chafes." ("King Lear")	139 147 63 128 150 168 200
N. He slew his seventy brethren (Judges 9:56)	91 29 71 58 67 98 154 184 52
O. Deterrent; children's game (2 wds.)	105 157 77 129 185 195 66 93
P. Southernmost province of Egypt	118 206 8 32 49
Q. Petty quarrels	155 202 11 74 50
R. U.S. Chief Justice, 1910-21 (first and last name)	76 117 188 197 4 158 144 167 102 165 175
S. Shares or amounts taken illicitly (comp.)	119 134 142 179 43 83 194 10
T. Genus of giant pigs widespread in the Oligocene of Europe	181 101 114 204 190 69 26 110 19
U. Mass or group cemented together	159 187 136 191 106 125 73 113 81 156 94 62 33
V. One versed in law	196 3 160 109 84 54
W. Succeeding, following (4 wds.)	75 186 166 23 59 41 161 170 64 97 38
X. Unusually long discussion, esp. on a matter of public interest	46 130 201 174 189 65 176 82 182
Y. Stoker of O'Neill's "The Hairy Ape"	171 141 111 15

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

		1 C	2 F	3 V		4 R	5 C	6 B	7 D		8 P	9 J	10 S		11 Q	12 B	13 D
14 I	15 Y	16 K	17 C		18 G	19 T		20 L	21 H	22 F	23 W		24 I	25 E	26 T	27 L	28 K
	29 N	30 K		31 J	32 P	33 U	34 C	35 E	36 K		37 I	38 W		39 F	40 I	41 W	
42 D	43 S	44 B	45 I	46 X	47 E	48 G	49 P	50 Q		51 B	52 N	53 F	54 V		55 G	56 C	57 L
58 N	59 W	60 H		61 F	62 U		63 M	64 W		65 X	66 O	67 N		68 C	69 T	70 J	71 N
72 K	73 U	74 Q	75 W	76 R	77 O		78 J	79 B	80 E	81 U		82 X	83 S		84 V	85 J	86 G
87 E		88 E	89 K	90 H	91 N	92 I	93 O	94 U	95 A		96 J	97 W	98 N	99 F	100 A	101 T	102 R
103 B		104 H	105 O	106 U	107 L	108 D	109 V	110 T	111 Y		112 D	113 U		114 T	115 F	116 B	
117 R	118 P	119 S	120 K	121 D	122 G	123 A	124 E		125 U	126 L	127 I		128 M	129 O	130 X	131 G	132 D
	133 I	134 S	135 E	136 U	137 D	138 H		139 M	140 J	141 Y	142 S	143 A		144 R	145 L	146 D	147 M
	148 H	149 A	150 M	151 G	152 B	153 L	154 N	155 Q	156 U	157 O	158 R		159 U	160 V	161 W	162 H	163 F
164 D	165 R		166 W	167 R	168 M		169 H	170 W	171 Y		172 H	173 F	174 X	175 R		176 X	177 B
178 F	179 S		180 L	181 T	182 X	183 I	184 N	185 O	186 W	187 U		188 R	189 X	190 T	191 U	192 B	
193 A	194 S		195 O	196 V	197 R	198 C	199 I		200 M	201 X	202 Q	203 K	204 T	205 E	206 P		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 18 of this issue.

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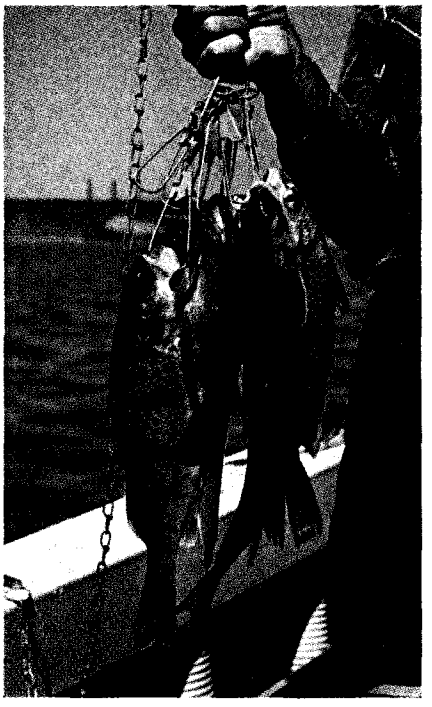
Look what George Vail caught in Lake Erie on June 10, 1971



George Vail, Hamburg, New York, has been catching fish in Lake Erie since 1945. And he has been quite successful at it. He regularly catches perch, bass, pike, and other kinds of fish just offshore from our steel plant near Buffalo.

George doesn't agree with those who wring their hands and claim the lake is "dead" or beyond hope. Others share his view. For example, Dr. W. T. Pecora, Director, U. S. Geological Survey*, wrote in the August 1970 issue of *Mining Congress Journal*.

> "We frequently hear that Lake Erie is dead. This is pure rubbish. Lake Erie is the shallowest of the Great Lakes, was created about 20,000 years ago and, barring another Ice Age, has several thousands of years yet to go before senility. The western part of the lake is extremely shallow and receives a large amount of natural organic material transported from the surrounding terrain. Here is where the algae growth has always been present. Lake Erie has continually produced about 50% of the fish catch of the entire Great Lakes system, consistently over the past 100 years. This is not a mark of a dead lake."

Technical Report No. 3 of the Great Lakes Fishery Commission, Ann Arbor, Michigan, presents data documenting Dr. Pecora's remarks.

Lake Erie does, of course, have serious pollution problems and we are not about to understate them. And our steel plant near Buffalo has contributed to this pollution. For several years we have been working on solutions. Late last year we completed a $24 million program to control water pollution at this plant alone.

Of the 320 million gallons of lake water taken into the plant daily, about one-third becomes contaminated. This is processed through the plant's waste water treatment facilities before it is returned to the lake. This treated water not only meets New York state requirements for suspended solids and oil, it substantially exceeds them.

We will continue to clean up our air and water discharges wherever we have operations. We hope others will do their share, too.

**Dr. Pecora is now Under Secretary of the Interior.*

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